Forgive The Past
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Forgive The Past

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Summary

Peter Parker is trying to leave his painful past behind him. He starts a new life running his own bookshop. The last thing he wants is to fall in love with a big hearted loud mouth mechanic who owns his own bar. Peter struggles with intimacy as he's not like other guys, but Wade is soft hearted and open minded and above all very patient. When danger comes knocking Wade turns into somebody else and Peter finds himself strangely drawn to this character.
Added Bonus chapter 6!

Please check out my **twitter**
Come and say "Hi".
Thank you

Notes

AFAB and AMAB language is used in a number of chapters. If this is likely to offend please for your own peace of mind do not continue reading.
Peter is intersex in this story with both external F and M genitals. Again please do not continue reading if this is likely to cause offense or upset. Thank you.
As always the physical descriptions of my Peter are always A.G./mix of comic versions. but it's up to the reader who their Peter is.
Thank you for reading xoxoxo

Chapter 1

Chapter Summary

Peter makes a fresh start and first meets the extrovert Wade, there is a definite mutual attraction, but Peter needs to take things slowly as he deals with past events.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning, there is a mention of a past sexual assault.
But there's also a shed load of flirting and even some glorious self-love!

The young man unlocked the door to the empty shop and walked inside. He took a deep breath and looked around the sunlit space. It smelled musty, like old wood and varnish. He smiled as he looked at the papers in his hand. He had closed the deal that very morning and now it was officially his.

My very own business.

Peter had wanted to run his own bookshop for ages and now it was finally a reality. It was a bittersweet achievement considering he had used money from his late Aunt's life insurance to buy it. He wished she could have been there sharing his happy moment.

Peter's Aunt and Uncle had raised him as their own after his parents had died when he was a young child. His uncle had died when Peter was at high school. He'd been fatally shot in a robbery at a local convenience store.

He had looked after his aunt when she got sick and eventually she had passed away, leaving him devastated. He discovered the life insurance after her passing. It was a blessing in disguise as he had already had to sell her house to pay off her medical bills and debts. The gift of the life insurance meant he could finally leave the city and start again somewhere new.

"Thank you Aunt May for everything."

The shop was a detached building in a row of other small businesses in a small but busy town in Upstate NY, across the road was a garage and a bar, owned by the same person. A lot of people frequented the town on the weekends and it served as a thoroughfare for tourists and other people commuting to and from NYC. It was a popular little town so a perfect place for a small business owner to make a living.

Along with the shop Peter was leasing a small apartment above a hardware store until he was able to convert the upstairs of the bookshop into a home. His main priority was to get the shop up and running in the next week or two. He also intended to have a website and he planned to have a coffee corner in the shop where visitors could spend a while relaxing. He wanted to create a homely feel, make people feel welcome and happy.

Subconsciously Peter was trying to recreate the feelings of home he so missed now he no longer had his Aunt. He was a kind person, always putting others first. In the past this had not served him well as he had been taken advantage of on many an occasion and his main reason for leaving the city was to get away from someone who had made his life very difficult. Someone who had hurt him.

Time to move forward.

The sound of shouting broke his thoughts.

"OH WHAT? You really think you can just walk in here and expect me to work fucking miracles?? Do I look like some goddamned magician? I don't even have a sexy assistant!! Take your heap of junk and get outta here! OH OH Really?? Bring it on tough guy! I'll make you weep for your mama!"

Peter rushed outside to see what the commotion was all about.

Across the street he could see a well built man dressed in overalls squaring up to another guy in a baseball cap, they appeared to be arguing over a beaten up truck parked outside the garage. The guy in the overalls had a strange appearance. His skin looked scarred, like he had been badly burnt or injured at some point. Despite his scars he looked in good shape. Peter concluded he must be the owner of the garage and bar.

"Yeah yeah you go get your entire family, ooooh I'm so scared of the big bad man and his three sons. Tell them if they bring me flowers I might ask them to dance. Get off my property and stop wasting my time!" As the man stomped off to his truck the owner of the garage clocked Peter and waved at him. "Hey welcome to the neighbourhood. It's really friendly here, but don't expect me to bake you any cupcakes." He walked off inside.

Peter felt himself blush slightly at the man's comment. Why was he bothered by that? He felt sure he would be seeing and no doubt hearing a lot more of this man.

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The week went by so quickly Peter could hardly keep up with all the arrangements and deliveries of furniture and stock. He had spent the first two days giving the interior a lick of paint. It was in good condition so there wasn't too much needed doing. He had ordered some book cabinets and shelving and he'd fixed them all up himself, using the skills his Uncle had taught him. He was hoping to be open and ready for business by the end of the next week.

He'd seen the garage owner a couple of times, he had a habit of shouting things over at people, Peter included. That morning's greeting had made Peter turn bright red, much to his embarrassment. "Hey how ya doing on this fine morning? I'd invite you in for breakfast but people might talk. Come and grab a drink later, you know, love thy neighbour and all that." Peter had waved and uttered a weak-sounding "Okay Thanks."

Jesus Parker that was pathetic.

He had observed the man across the road while he was busy organising the shop. He worked in the garage during the day and then at about five he would close up and walk over to the stairs that lead to what Peter assumed was an apartment over the bar. Just as Peter would be leaving he would see him come back out freshened up and he'd disappear into the bar. He had noticed Peter the previous evening and nodded at him with a smile. Peter had felt a flutter of butterflies in his stomach at the man's recognition.
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What is wrong with me? He's just being friendly.

Peter shook off any thoughts that allowed his mind to wander too far into any kind of romantic notions. He wasn't in a position to be getting involved with anybody. He needed to focus on his business and himself and in order for things to run smoothly he had to stick to a routine, not be seduced by an extrovert mechanic no matter how hot he looked in his overalls.

Besides the less serious complications it would bring Peter was not what you would call an average man. His past romances had all ended prematurely and then he had got caught up in a bad relationship with someone who almost destroyed him. He knew the main reason was because of his physical differences and he had resigned himself to the fact that he would probably remain alone for the rest of his life. It seemed easier than having to explain yet again that he was intersex, not a freak of nature, not a fetish, not a sex toy and definitely not a mutant.

Peter's parents hadn't opted to assign Peter's sex like some parents of intersex babies did. They had let him be and he had never known any different. He himself had leant towards living as a guy but that was never insisted on or made any kind of issue of. Like his parents his Aunt and Uncle had been supportive and always given him love and acceptance in everything he did.

He was a good soul. He cared about those he loved and he was a giver, generous and helpful. He had a few innocent flings with girls at high school but it never went any further than kissing. Then at college he met a guy who he felt comfortable with and they dated for a little while, but when it came to the suggestion of intimacy Peter had been honest and the guy had broken things off saying it was all too weird for him. He had promised Peter he wouldn't tell anybody but then a few months later he had blabbed it to a group of fellow students while drunk and Peter had been targeted.

The attack had taken place on campus when Peter had been walking back from the library, it was just getting dark and he'd stayed longer than he had intended to. As he walked across the car park towards the outer gate two guys had appeared and blocked his way. He didn't recognise them, but then he didn't really know many people there as he lived at home rather than in rooms at college. "So here he is, the campus freak. Wanna show us what you got in your pants pretty boy? I heard it's a real showstopper." The two guys laughed in a sleazy way. Peter knew he had to try and stay calm. He couldn't put up much of a fight if they decided to get physical and even though he was a fast runner he wouldn't get the chance to escape these guys.

"Look guys I don't want any trouble. I don't know what you're talking about and I think maybe you've been misinformed. I just want to go home and mind my own business." Peter looked at them both, standing his ground.

"Seriously? Can you hear this whiny little dweeb? No, not good enough. We have a very reliable source, your ex boyfriend no less. He told us all about your little confession and now we wanna see it for ourselves, so either you take your pants off or we'll do it for you!" The bigger of the guys stood in front of Peter and the other behind him. He felt the guy grab his arms behind his back and the other one started undoing his jeans.

He was paralysed on the spot, the guy's grip on his arms was tight and he could feel the other guy slip his hand inside his boxers. The guy's face had a horrible leering grin as he forced his hand in between Peter's legs. Peter started shouting in panic as he felt the guy's hand touch him and he tried to break free. The guy in front of him was laughing and pulled his hand out of Peter's underwear then he yanked his jeans and boxers down and got his phone out. Peter was yelling and trying to hide himself.

Just as the guy was going to take a photo a campus security guard had come running over and knocked the guy to the ground. The other one had let Peter's arms go and ran away. He had pulled

his clothes back up covering himself. The guy lying on the floor was raging. "Who the fuck are you? Don't you know who my father is? He will have you sacked over this. Who the hell is going to believe a fucking mutant over me? He's a freak, in fact no it's 'she'. Hey you should join us, get a good look at the fucked up shit between her or it's legs!" The security guard had kicked the guy hard in his stomach and then he'd turned to Peter to check if he was okay.

Peter had been in a state of shock. The security guard had treated him nicely and waited until he had calmed down before he walked him to the subway. Peter liked him, he was about thirty and nice looking, but it was his gentle demeanor that had really impressed Peter. He seemed genuinely kind and caring. They had started dating and all had gone well, even when Peter told him about being intersex he had responded in an understanding and patient way. Peter couldn't believe how happy and lucky he had felt.

Oh boy how blind was I?

A voice rang out in the shop doorway.

"Mr Ben Parker? Hello? I have a delivery for Mr Ben Parker." Peter could see it was the coffee machine he'd ordered. "Ah great can you set it up over there please?" The delivery guy shook his head. "Ah no can do I'm afraid we just deliver, you need someone else to install it." Peter signed the paper and groaned at this news.

Peter had started using his uncle's name now he had settled somewhere new. He didn't want to take any chances using his own name. He had fled his past and he wanted a fresh start. So Ben it was, but he would have to get used to being called that.

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As Peter was closing the shop that evening he heard the now familiar voice. "You coming over for a drink? I promise I won't bite." Peter looked round and saw the mechanic standing there grinning at him. He had jeans and a shirt on and despite his scarred exterior he looked handsome. "I know I look like the monster in a horror movie, but I'm really not scary."

Peter's heart sank at that exclamation. He felt bad that the guy felt he had to excuse his appearance. "Hey yeah ok that would be nice. I could use a cold drink." Peter walked across the road and as he got closer he could see a pair of bright shiny eyes in the midst of all that damaged skin. He was also much taller than Peter had thought. "Hi my name's Ben Parker, nice to meet you."

The scarred man shook Peter's hand. "Wade Wilson, at your service and I'm sure it's very nice to meet you too." He smiled and his eyes shone even brighter. He stepped back and put his hand out to lead the way. "After you Mr Parker."

Wade had been itching to get a better look at the new guy in town. He had noticed him when he had come to view the place across and then a couple of days later there he was with a key. He liked the look of him, all graceful movements and slim but muscular build. He looked like the kind of guy who didn't need to work out much, he had that natural lithe form. Wade had spent a good few hours observing him over the week.

Holy dicktips Wade you sound like a creepy stalker.

He looked even more attractive close up, dark eyes, long eyelashes, kissable lips and a shock of messy brown hair that Wade could imagine running his fingers through. He had been calling stuff over at him all week, but he hadn't taken the bait until finally Wade had just come out with it and invited him for a drink. That seemed to do the trick.
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"So Benny boy what's your poison? Anything you want I got it all." Wade watched the young man's expressions as he smiled, bit his bottom lip and blushed. He couldn't take his eyes off him.

Where have you been all my life?

Peter opted for a bottle of beer and Wade joined him as he beckoned him to come and sit out the back. There was a wooden terrace with some seats and tables and a string of lights overlooking some fields and a river in the distance. It looked pretty idyllic in the soft evening light.

"This is nice. I wouldn't have thought there was such a beautiful view out here." Peter drank his beer. Wade watched him, noticing how his throat moved with every swallow.

Oh there's definitely a beautiful view out here.

"So Ben, I'm guessing you're opening a book shop? I had a little peek in the window, nice shelves. I'm impressed with all your hard work. When is the grand opening? You should have a party." Wade cocked his bottle to toast Peter.

"I was just thinking of having something low key, like a little toast on the day with anybody who wishes to join me. I don't really know enough people to organise a party and truthfully it's not really my thing." Peter's forehead crumpled with worry.

"Hey I'm your man. I know loads of people, let me throw you a party right here! I promise it'll be great. What do you say?" Wade flashed his best smile and winked at Peter.

Peter felt slightly uncomfortable at Wade's insistence. He really didn't want to draw too much attention to himself and much as he did like the idea of a party it just felt too soon. "Hey I am grateful, but I really don't want a party. Maybe if things work out and I have a successful first month I might organise something to celebrate."

Wade noticed Peter's unease. "Sure thing, sounds great, yeah get settled in, meet a few of the locals. People in this town are generally pretty easy going. We get a lot of folks from the city and other places coming through. I think your shop could do well."

I wonder what he's so worried about. What's his story?

"Yeah thanks. Oh hey do you know anything about large coffee machines? I got one delivered and I have no idea how to set this thing up, it needs an electrician and a plumber by the looks of things. I'm regretting buying it." Peter casually asked hoping Wade could help because he really couldn't afford any tradesmen.

"Oh hell yeah I'll come by tomorrow on my white horse and rescue the bookish prince from the evil coffee machine. Fancy another beer?" Wade stood up and took Peter's empty bottle. Peter smiled and nodded.

While Wade got more beer inside Peter thought about how friendly he seemed.

Yes they all seem friendly at first, especially your ex remember.

He did remember and he regretted it every single day. He had been trying to deal with the fall out of his relationship and the pain and regret it had left him with. He hated that he had wasted almost two years of his life on someone who treated him like he was his property rather than a human being. He had tainted all Peter's trust in people. Maybe Wade was kind and friendly, but Peter couldn't allow himself to be taken in too much. He needed to try and keep some distance.

"I'll have this beer but then I really need to head home. Busy day tomorrow I need to keep a clear head. I seem to have such a lot of stuff to do still, but if you can fix the coffee machine that is a big worry off my mind. I don't expect you to do it for free, you must let me pay you." Peter was afraid of owing anybody any favours.

"Nope, I don't need money. You could repay me in kind." Wade laughed and his eyes twinkled.

Peter looked horrified. "What?"

"Oh hey no no, oh my god I'm sorry it was a joke. I meant like you could buy me lunch or something. Or ice cream....I love ice cream." Wade cringed at himself.

You stupid idiot, way to scare him off!

All Peter's defences were up. He wanted to believe that Wade was a nice guy, but his anxiety was still too raw. He just couldn't trust him. He hoped that his nagging inner voice would be wrong, because truth was Peter liked him.

Wade noticed there was a nervousness about his new friend. He recognised it from years ago when he lived a very different life as a mercenary. Sometimes he would take on more personal jobs where he would be saving someone from an abusive situation. Their families would pay him to intervene and unalive the abuser. He remembered that edgy look all the victims had, never fully trusting or believing their tormentor was gone.

It used to mess with Wade's head, especially if it was a kid. His own childhood had been difficult and after his father left and his mother became an alcoholic he had a tendency to want to please people which lead to abusive situations and finally he cut his losses and ran away from home. He knew that fear of trusting people and he sensed it in this guy.

I think he needs a little time to sus me out.

After they finished their beer Peter got up to leave. "I'll see you tomorrow, just drop in any time I'll be there all day. I am really grateful for your help, thanks."

Wade nodded and waved his bottle in the air. Just before Peter got to the door he called over to him. "You know Ben it really is nice to meet you. I hope we can become friends."

Peter smiled to himself as he walked out of the bar and up the street.

I hope so too Wade.

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The following day Wade was already waiting outside the shop when Peter arrived to open up. "Well good afternoon Sleeping Beauty, I've been ready and willing since six am. Show me to the coffee beast and I shall slay it with my golden screwdriver." He skipped about pretending to make a cape out of an old dust sheet.

Whatever bad shit he has going on I shall heal it with laughter.

Much to Peter's horror it turned out Wade was not as proficient in plumbing and electrics as he had hoped and ended up causing a flood and fusing the electrics. He was just grateful he hadn't stored any of the books near the machine.

Wade was full of remorse. "Oops! I am so sorry I've already made a call to my buddy Tom who is
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the world's best handy man and owes me like millions of favours and he will be here in an hour. Please forgive me for I am but a poor peasant boy trying to make an honest buck." Wade got down on his knees and hung his head, watching for a reaction out of the corner of his eye.

Go on, laugh for me.

Peter had no resistance to Wade's humour. He laughed out loud and just could not stay mad at him. His childlike behaviour was endearing and funny and Peter felt like he hadn't been able to laugh like this in such a long time. "You are insane. I forgive you, but next time just be honest that you don't have a clue."

"Benny boy I just wanted to help you in your hour of need. It's my natural chivalry, I can't help it. I think I may have been a knight in a previous life." Wade's mind drifted off to a world of pink hills and turquoise skies where he galloped around on a unicorn rescuing Princess Benjamina who was as pretty as a sunbeam in her long frilly dress.

"Wade? Don't you have stuff to be doing? There are two cars waiting out there for you to open the garage. I'll see you later." Peter motioned for him to go and he pulled a sulking face. "Ah BenBen this is so much fun here. I hate all these whiney bastards and their crappy cars."

Peter cringed at Wade's nicknames and he laughed when he heard him hollering at the poor unsuspecting customers waiting to be served.

"Yeah Yeah here I am! Don't sound your goddamned horn at me you impatient prick. I'm serving YOU last!! Don't a guy get to have a life around here?" Wade reluctantly opened the garage.

The rest of the morning Peter worked hard organising stock on to the shelves and indexing stuff on his laptop. The handyman turned up and did a great job with the coffee machine and even took the time to explain how things worked. When he finished he started writing an invoice and Peter was worried he would be charging him, when Wade appeared in the doorway and lead the handyman over to his place.

I thought he owed him millions of favours....hmmm

The truth was Wade did know Tom the handyman but he definitely didn't owe him any favours and he had only turned up at short notice for triple his usual price which Wade gladly handed over. "See ya later Tom thanks again man." Wade waved at Peter as the handyman drove away shaking his head.

Peter spent the afternoon painting the outside of the shop and repairing the windowsil. Wade watched him from the garage, admiring how perfect he looked in his overalls and how agile he was as he reached up to paint the top part of the window frame.

Thank you to a million little angels for blessing me with this view.

The temperature had risen throughout the afternoon and by four pm the air was close and heavy. There were thunderstorms forecast for the evening. Wade was clearing away stuff in the garage when he heard a voice.

"I got you some ice cream." Peter stood there in a white vest with his overalls tied low round his hips, his skin was a creamy coffee colour and he had a few moles dotted about on his slender muscular arms. The heat had made him sweat and his top clung to his abdomen. He stood there licking an ice cream and holding one out to Wade. "You seemed like a maple pecan kind of guy."

Wade took one look at him and fell forward on to the garage floor. He completely lost the ability to

speak and move his limbs.

Holy goddamned mother of baby dragons he's actually paralysed me.

"Wade what the hell? Are you okay? When was the last time you had some water, you must be dehydrated, it's this heat. It's too much." Peter ran in to get some water.

No, you are too much.

Wade started to get up but then he realised he had a massive boner and no underwear on under his overalls. He lay on the floor reaching out for the ice cream. "Gimme that, I need the sugar. I think I got a little lightheaded. And yes Benji-boy I do like maple pecan, I'm Canadian!"

Peter laughed and some of his ice cream landed on his chin. He wiped it off with his finger and licked it clean. Wade felt like crying.

"By the way I'm calling the police because your outfit should be illegal." Wade clambered to his feet now his erection had died down and continued licking the ice cream with big slurps. He tried so hard not to look at the fabric of the vest clinging to the tight abs but the more he swallowed the sweet cold treat the faster his heart was beating.

"Erm Wade what the fuck is that?" Peter was staring at Wade's crotch. His boner had returned with a vengeance and it was now unmistakably tenting his overalls.

"Oh shit...fuck...I'm so sorry, it's the flavours of Canada they turn me on...mmmm maple syrup." Wade turned round cringing so hard he thought his face might fall off....funnily enough it wouldn't be the first time that had happened, but that was a story for another time.

Peter had seen enough for one day. "Ok Mister Excitable I'm heading off. I need a shower, maybe you should take one too...a cold one! See ya later."

Wade whimpered to himself as he watched his perfect specimen of manhood walk away and he swore he was swaying his lithe hips just that bit too gracefully. He was totally annoyed with his own stupid behaviour.

Peter's heart was racing. He closed the door to the shop and leant against the wall. He was trying to process what he had just witnessed. His thoughts kept returning to the image of Wade's overalls clearly harbouring what looked like a very impressive boner.

Shit, he looks huge.

Peter felt so turned on by Wade's sudden erection he bit his lip in frustration. He could feel his crotch twitching like mad. He went into the shop bathroom and locked the door. Picturing Wade's body and his boner he reached inside his underwear and found his own erection, but lower than that he felt wetness between his legs. He groaned as he slipped two fingers inside the soft folds and rubbed in a circular motion. It felt hot and wet and he delved inside, fingering himself vigorously, all the while imagining Wade fucking him senseless with his big cock. With his other hand he reached round his erection, it was much smaller than Wade's but perfectly formed and right at that moment it was hard and needy.

He was moaning and panting so hard as he leaned against the bathroom wall, fingering and jerking himself off with such intensity he didn't hear the door to the shop open and footsteps on the wooden floor. He knew he was going to come any minute and he was trying to push himself to a climax. His fingers were soaking so he switched and used his wet hand to stimulate his cock further while his other hand teased the soft folds of his labia as he pushed his fingers inside himself again.

"Ah Wade I want you so much." He heard himself say it and at the same time his orgasm hit twice as hard as he came with such force he fell to his knees. He sat there panting like mad, looking down at his hands covered in his bodily fluids. It had been a very long time since he had felt anything that good.

Outside the bathroom door Wade stood with wide eyes and an aching groin. He had heard the whole thing including his name being called at what appeared to be the moment of climax. He couldn't contain his joy at this development but he didn't want to cause any awkwardness so he carefully moved back out of the shop and quietly closed the door.

He waited a few minutes and then he knocked loudly. "Hey Ben you forgot your keys, are you in there? Benny boy yoohooo." Wade loudly opened the door making as much noise as possible. He heard a muffled voice coming from the bathroom and the sound of the toilet.

As Peter emerged Wade could see his face was flushed and his pupils were dilated. He looked radiant, like he was actually glowing. Wade smiled at him and held his keys out. "You forgot these Benjo. Are you ok? You look a little flustered."

I just had to go there.

"Oh erh yeah I think it's the heat. What with all the painting and hauling boxes about, I pushed myself a little too hard today." Peter giggled on the inside at his own words.

If only he knew how hard I just pushed myself.

Wade kept a completely straight face, but his mind was racing.

Oh yeah I know how hard you just pushed yourself.

A crash of thunder broke the moment and they heard the rain start. It gave Peter goosebumps all over his naked arms and his nipples stood out like hard tips under his vest. Wade couldn't help but notice them as Peter moved past him to look at the rain from the doorway. Wade turned and stood behind him as they looked at the crazy lightening bolts splitting the evening sky into a multitude of bright fractions. Peter was enthralled. "Oh man that is stunning."

Wade looked at the beautiful man in front of him and he leant in and whispered in his ear. "So are you."

Peter swallowed hard at the sound of those three words and he moved back slightly so he was leaning against Wade's chest. The bigger man put his arms round his shoulders and held him close as they watched the storm play out across the sky.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Peter and Wade grow closer, but the past comes knocking and Peter has to confront his painful memories.

Chapter Notes

Trigger warning: Mentions of past sexual abuse and domestic physical/psychological abuse. Derogatory language.
Wade is super protective.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Following their moment of closeness Peter had become introvert around Wade. He regretted allowing his boundaries to be lowered so quickly. He couldn't explain why he had got so turned on by the big guy's arousal and he felt uncomfortable knowing Wade found him attractive.

There had been an awkward kiss after they had stood watching the rain and Peter had pulled away after a couple of seconds saying he couldn't continue. He had seen the confusion in Wade's eyes and it had upset him to know he couldn't reciprocate his affections. He really did like him, but he still felt too unsure. He knew if he allowed himself to become involved with Wade the inevitable would happen. Either he would be horrified or he would react like his ex and treat him like an emotional prisoner.

Deep down he knew Wade was different to his ex, but he still couldn't relax around him or trust him. It made him feel a sadness as it had felt so safe and warm being wrapped in his arms while they watched the rain together. It had felt deeply romantic to Peter's soft heart. All he ever really wanted was to meet someone who loved and accepted him as he was. He knew he had to try and break the ice again with Wade. He didn't want to feel bad and he wanted him to know he liked him, but that he had stuff to sort out in his head.

Wade had felt weirdly empty since the disastrous kiss. He felt sure things were ok between them and then he had leant in for a kiss and just as their lips had met the younger man had pulled away and told Wade he had to leave because it was a bad idea. He had apologised and walked back over to the garage. He'd looked back at the shop but all Wade saw was him locking the door and hurriedly running off through the rain.

The next day Wade had seen Peter arrive at the shop and he had waved over at him, all he got was a nod in response and before he could make a jokey comment to lighten the mood the shop door had been closed and he didn't see him the rest of the day. This had continued for two days and Wade felt it was getting stupid. Surely they could move on from one dumb misunderstanding? He decided he was going to speak to him.

Both men had the same idea as they approached each other in the parking lot outside the bar after work. Peter smiled hesitantly at Wade. "Hey, I wanted to come and talk to you about the other day.

I feel super awkward about it and I haven't been very nice to you at all. You didn't do anything wrong."

Wade sighed with relief. "I'm so glad you've told me that. I thought I'd seriously upset you and I had no idea how to make it right. I'm sorry if I moved too fast. I overstepped the mark and I should know better. This might not be what you want to hear, but you know it just felt so right standing there holding you."

Peter suddenly felt very emotional at Wade's sweet words, tears spilled down his face as he admitted to himself that he had felt the same way. He wished he could be honest and tell Wade the truth, but it was so hard. He was scared of rejection and ridicule, but more than that he was scared of getting hurt again.

Wade put his hand on his shoulder. "Hey come on don't get upset. Life's too damned short for feeling miserable. Why don't we have a beer and be friends, no pressure, just hang out together. I like you and I want to spend time with you. Please don't worry about me finding you attractive, I mean I do, but it's not a problem. Think of it as a compliment." Wade was so desperate not to lose him.

They had relaxed in each other's company once again and had sat talking long into the evening. When Peter had got up to leave Wade had stood and embraced him tightly. "Hey you know if there's ever anything you want to talk to me about I'm a really good listener and I'm pretty non judgemental when it comes to people's life stories. I think that's why I'm a good bar tender." Peter had wanted to blurt out the whole sorry story of his abusive relationship right there and then, but he kept it locked inside instead.

That night Peter had been plagued by bad memories as he lay in bed trying to sleep. He kept thinking about Wade and how nice he was and how he had just allowed Peter to be himself and not got angry when he had rejected him. He thought about his ex and how he had been so nice at first but then about two months into their relationship he had changed and it started when Peter had told him he was intersex.

His ex had been all understanding and kind about it at first and when they had got to the point where they were going to be intimate it had all been fine except Peter noticed he didn't seem to want to touch his penis. Peter thought it was probably just because he had to get used to things, but then the dynamic changed between them. His ex started referring to him in female pronouns and demanding he dress more feminine. He started buying him sexy lingerie and at first Peter had thought that was okay. He wasn't averse to experimenting with different outfits and some of the lingerie had felt nice on his body.

Unfortunately it had rapidly turned into something sinister when one evening he had felt light headed after drinking some soda and he had later woken up dressed in some of the lingerie, but it was all torn and he felt sore between his legs. To his horror he realised he had been drugged.

When he confronted his ex about it he had lost his temper and punched Peter several times in his stomach. Then he had held him up by his throat and warned him to never question him again and he would show him exactly what he had done to him. To Peter's disgust he had then forced him to watch a video of himself while his ex fucked him and purposely filmed close-ups of his genitals. Peter looked half unconscious in the video and it made him feel sick to his stomach. What was even worse than the imagery of his body being abused was hearing this man who was supposed to love him refer to him as a 'freak' and a 'slut' and a 'cheap little bitch'.

The events that followed that terrible night were no better. From then on he was expected to pose for photographs in various outfits all designed to show his genitals and while he was wearing

masks and wigs he felt so violated and he was terrified of somebody discovering it was him. The photos were all posted on a website designed by his ex to make money. He didn't know how to make it stop and the threat of him being exposed to his loved ones and fellow students made him comply with that sick bastard's demands. He hated him and he used to fantasise about killing him. Brutal bloody fantasies in which he repeatedly stabbed him and watched him bleed to death.

The weird thing was that during this time where he was being photographed and exploited his ex didn't touch him sexually. He would go out for hours at a time and Peter suspected he had someone else he was fucking. Peter had felt a sense of relief at that. He didn't want him to touch him or find him attractive.

As he lay there in bed thinking about his horrible past it dawned on Peter that he had probably been suffering from some form of shock brought on by that first time when he saw the video. His ex held that video and a handful of photos of Peter without a mask over him. When his aunt fell ill and Peter needed to take care of her the photos stopped and his ex left him alone for a while. He still acted horrendously possessive and he checked Peter's phone obsessively and controlled his money and every aspect of his life, except his aunt and her affairs as they were under the control of a lawyer. Peter had confided in her that under no circumstances was she to disclose anything about his aunt's affairs to his ex.

The lawyer's name was Janey and she had been more than understanding. She realised straight away that Peter was being abused by his ex and she offered to help him in any way she could. While Peter's Aunt had still been able to communicate with him she had told him to get away from the city and away from 'him' meaning his ex. His Aunt was no fool and she kept reassuring him that everything would be okay after she had gone. He realised now she meant the life insurance. As his aunt deteriorated she moved to a nursing facility and Peter instructed Janey to sell the house in order to pay the medical bills. His ex had kicked up a fuss over the house being sold saying why couldn't they live there and Peter had lied telling him it was all in his Aunt's instructions to her lawyer and out of his hands. His ex had barged into a meeting with Janey and demanded to know if Peter was getting any inheritance as they were engaged and planning to get married. They weren't.

Janey had fixed him with a steely gaze and threatened him that if he ever entered her office uninvited and spoke to her like that ever again she would kick the shit out of him. It may not have been a huge threat, but the way she delivered it made his ex back off and leave without a word. Peter loved Janey she was his hero.

After his Aunt died Peter had become very withdrawn and Janey had been very concerned. She had taken him into her office and shown him the paper work for the life insurance and the six figure sum he was to receive as a payout. He had reacted elated at first, but then he had got scared because he didn't want his ex to get wind of it. Janey had been one step ahead of him and suggested using his Uncle's name. She put her job and reputation on the line to help him. She forged his papers so he could open a bank account in the name Ben Parker and got him a fake driver's license in the same name. He had to open a simple cash account in his own name for the life insurance to be paid into and then he could immediately transfer the money and close the cash account that same day. There would be no paper trail as it was an online account using a new email address and his aunt's old home address as a formality. His ex would never know as he was under the illusion that Peter had been left nothing except some worthless trinkets from his Aunt's house.

While this was all being arranged Peter's ex had started hassling him again for photos and to Peter's disgust he had demanded sex which had been humiliating and painful as he felt too anxious and tense and all the while his ex had called him degrading names. After the sex he had informed him that he had arranged for a 'friend' to come over the following evening and he needed Peter to 'entertain' him while he made a video. The guy had offered his ex a large amount of money to get

intimate with Peter dressed in one of the outfits. He had completely freaked out at his ex and he in return had beaten Peter up. He had run away and turned up at Janey's home in the middle of the night dressed in nothing but a t-shirt and jeans and his trainers, no underwear or socks or jacket. All he had were the clothes on his back. She had been shocked at the state he was in and he told her what had happened and that he couldn't ever go back. She had arranged for a safe address where he could stay while they sorted the money out.

Unbeknownst to Peter Janey had been doing some detective work into Peter's ex and she had put traces on all his bank accounts and online activities, including his nasty little website that he ran. She had seen some of the less explicit images used as teasers to entice the user to pay to see more and she had felt horrified at how Peter had been exploited and his privacy and dignity had been so cruelly abused. She had cried for him and in her sadness a cold determination had risen up inside her that she would destroy this creep. She knew it was pointless getting the cops involved but one thing that would fuck this bastard up was to take away his income and any other money he had stashed away. She compiled a case against him and alerted the tax office, showing them just how much revenue he was making online and how he had never paid a dime in tax in pretty much his entire adult life. As she was helping Peter she received word that the tax office were planning to nail the bastard and he would either have to pay up or face a lengthy prison sentence. She never told Peter about this as it would have only made him worry and as she planned to get him out of the city he would never have to see or hear from that asshole again.

Janey had helped Peter escape his abusive ex and she had gotten his sleazy website shut down and made sure he lost all his money. She told Peter that it was safer if they had no more contact for the time being and her business partner would be his point of contact from then on. She told Peter she loved him very much and that he was strong and resilient and nobody could take his inner spark away from him. She told him to forget about the past and forgive himself for the choices he had made, because he was just a human being and sometimes humans make mistakes in life. Nothing that had happened to him was his fault and he had to make peace with that. He never forgot those words.

Forgive the past and move on, be who you were always meant to be.

Peter lay in the dark and cried to himself. Janey was right, he shouldn't allow the past to keep him a prisoner. Just like he shouldn't compare every person to his ex. He needed to open his heart not close it.

He heard his phone buzz in the darkness. He looked at the screen, it was a text from Wade.

Hey you awake? I'm kinda drunk. I want you to know I think you are amazing. There I've said it and if you want to kick my ass tomorrow you can! night BenBen xoxoxox Wade

Peter laughed, he liked how sweet Wade could be. He had no filter when it came to expressing his emotions and feelings. He just blurted things out and dealt with the come-back later. Peter text him back.

Too right I'm going to kick your ass! You forgot to put 'totally' in front of amazing! And for the record Wade Wilson you are pretty cool yourself. night xoxoxox BenBen

Peter smiled at the nickname. He hoped one day he could go back to being Peter again, but for the time being he could live with Ben....or as he was now known....BenBen.

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In the weeks that followed Peter successfully opened his shop and business was good. He had a
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steady stream of customers and already a small group of local regulars who would drop in for a coffee and a catch up. He got the website set up and started doing online orders and he had an idea for organising poetry and fiction nights once a month where he could invite authors and people could recite poetry or a passage from their favourite books. Peter was full of ideas and for the first time in years he actually felt happy.

His relationship with Wade was a kind of unspoken platonic friendship, but with the added bonus of being affectionate and cosy. They didn't kiss or have sex, but they had a love for each other that others could see more clearly than they could. Or maybe it was just that they intentionally kept it at arms length. Peter suspected it was more him than Wade who did that. He felt pretty sure Wade would do anything he asked him to as long as it meant they could spend time together. He worried he was being unfair on him, but it was all he could manage to give at that time.

Of course that didn't mean he didn't think about Wade when he masturbated. He was all he thought about and he seemed to be the only person who could turn him on. Pretty much every night he would lie writhing in bed touching himself as he thought about Wade's body and his voice, but most of all that mental image he still had of his erection under his overalls.

Wade in turn was in the same boat. His mental image was the white vest top clinging to the tight abdomen as he listened at the bathroom door and heard the noises and his name being called out. He replayed that little film in his head over and over. He also liked to think about when they had stood together watching the rain. He had felt so happy in that one simple moment.

Wade knew exactly how he felt about his Ben. He had no doubt he had fallen head over heels in love with him. He had no intention of ever leaving his side and he would wait an entire lifetime for him to love him in return. As long as Wade could be near him he was content.

So the mild mannered book seller and the loudmouth mechanic lived quite harmoniously side by side and all seemed right with the world. However, that's not how life goes and one afternoon their little oasis of calm was about to be disrupted.

"Motherfucker! My goddamned hand!" Wade had accidentally got his fingers trapped in a jack as he was trying to change a tyre out on the roadside. He had been driving to the next town to pick up some supplies and came across a guy with a beaten up old mustang with what looked like a blown out tyre. "Ah man I'm sorry but I'm gonna have to call the recovery truck in for you, my hand is a mess." The guy had tutted and moaned about needing to be on the road and Wade had suggested the car be towed to his garage where he could get it fixed in no time.

As the recovery truck arrived Wade offered to give the guy a lift and they drove back to town pretty much in silence. He got a weird vibe off the guy, like he was hiding something. Wade was a pretty good judge of character and this guy had a big neon 'NO' sign over his head.

When they arrived back the guy seemed to brighten up when he saw the bar and headed straight in not even acknowledging Wade or the fact that his car was due any minute. Wade followed him into the bar and offered him a drink. "Oh you own this place too? Nice little number you got going on here man. Maybe I need to move out of the city to a place like this." Wade smiled and nodded as he passed him a beer. "That'll be four bucks." The guy sneered at having to hand over money.

The recovery truck parked the mustang right outside the garage and Wade set to work replacing the tyre. He thought it was odd how the guy didn't even come outside to check if the car was ok. He noticed a map with place names crossed off on the front seat and in the back was a bag with some clothes. Either this guy was on the run or he was trying to find somebody. Wade wanted him gone, he had no time for shady characters disturbing his peace.

He finished up with the mustang and walked back towards the bar. As he did he spotted the apple of his eye through the window of the bookshop and decided to walk across there instead. "Hey handsome what's happening in the land of books today?" Wade gave his sweetest smile.

"Well Mr Wilson it's all about dragons and fairies today as I'm just updating the fantasy section." Peter laughed at Wade's facial expression. "Oh dragons and fairies, bit like you and me then. No, but seriously if this asshole I got waiting for his car doesn't leave soon I may start spitting fire for real. Catch ya later honey buns." He squeezed Peter's hand as he left.

The guy had been downing beers and was now on his third shot of bourbon by the time Wade walked back into the bar. He could see he would be in no fit state to drive. This was not what he wanted at all. "Hey no more booze for this guy. Your car is ready man and before you drink your money away I need paying." Wade stood before him with an earnest expression.

"Oh I got money. That's all anybody cares about hah? Just like my stinking ex. That little bitch whore took all my money and sent the tax man after my ass. I gave her everything she needed. I fucking looked after her and she was a good little earner. Real tight if you get my drift." The guy laughed in a lecherous way as he slammed a wad of hundred dollar bills on the bar. "She thought she could run away from me, well I'm gonna find her and make her earn back every damned cent she stole." Wade stayed calm as he observed the guy.

Sounds like this chick had a lucky escape.

Wade took his money and filled up the guy's glass with another shot of bourbon. He would keep an eye on him for now as he didn't want him causing a scene. The guy clearly had some issues and Wade hoped he would sleep it off in his car and then head out of town.

By early evening the guy was mumbling and staggering about still moaning about his 'bitch ex' and much to Wade's discomfort he had started being a bit too descriptive about some of the sexual exploits he indulged in. "Yeah she could take it hard ha ha but she was a mess. You know those guys you get who are really girls? They got a real freak show between their legs, yeah she was like that. Good money spinner though." The guy slouched forward in his seat and Wade had enough of his fucked up pervert mouth.

I really hope he never ever finds this poor woman, what a fucked up creep.

"Okay time to go now, think you need to sleep it off in the car and come the morning the road will take you on your way." He lifted the guy up and pushed him out the door towards his car. "There you go, sweet dreams!" Wade started locking up the garage.

Peter was bringing in the sign from outside his shop and waved over at Wade. "You got any plans for dinner? Want to eat together? I could cook us something." He wanted to try out a new recipe for fajitas he'd found online and Wade was the perfect dinner guest for Mexican food. He noticed the beaten up Mustang from earlier was still there and it looked like the owner was out cold in the front seat, clearly drunk. He knew Wade wouldn't relax until the guy left so it was probably a good thing to distract him for a few hours.

The guy was drunk but he wasn't out cold. He was sitting in the passenger side of his car staring straight ahead at the slim built dark haired young man closing up the bookshop across the street. He recognised him instantly and sat in a state of disbelief trying to focus through his drunken haze. "What the fuck? He's here? Right under my nose and I almost missed him. He seems very cosy with this ugly dude, but then freaks stick together, figures. Oh I think I'll stick around, time Miss Parker gave me back my money."

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The next day Peter was in the back of the shop when he heard the door open. "Just a sec I'll be right with you." Peter called over as he came back through to the front of the store.

"Hey Pete how's it going?" The guy stood and stared.

Peter froze. He felt all the blood drain from his face.

No no no this isn't happening.

"What's the matter? Cat got your tongue?" The guy smirked.

Peter looked along side him out of the window to see if he could spot Wade, but instead he saw the Mustang parked outside and it dawned on him that the car must belong to his ex. A tight panic was rising in his stomach.

Stay calm Peter he can't hurt you here.

"Don't bother looking for your ugly ass boyfriend, just give me my money and I'll be on my way. Got no use for you anymore Pete." The guy leaned on the counter and Peter could see the other customers looking uncomfortable.

I need to get him out of here.

"I'd like you to leave please. I don't know who this 'Pete' is and I've never met you before in my life. I don't owe you any money and I'm afraid you seem to have the wrong person." Peter looked straight through him as he walked towards the door and held it open. "Either you leave peacefully or I will be forced to call the police."

oh fuck fuck fuck please leave....please.

The guy sneered as he walked towards the door, grabbing Peter's arm and dragging him outside in the process.

Across the road Wade caught sight of the Mustang and then the scene which was unfolding outside the bookshop.

What the shit? He better take his hands off my baby right now!

Wade ran over to the shop. "Hey what the fuck is going on? Get your fucking hands off him! Ben you ok? I think you need to get the hell out of here man, you got your car fixed, there's nothing here for you."

The guy snarled at Wade and still hung on to Peter's arm. "Ben? Is that what he's calling himself these days? His name is Pete and he's a little freak, in fact I should be saying 'she' but who the hell knows anymore...right Pete? You should tell your boyfriend about how you like to dress up like a slutty little girl hahaha."

"I don't know any 'Pete' you got the wrong guy." Peter maintained a cool stare in his ex's direction. On the inside he was slowly crumbling.

Please go, just go! Please don't say any more.

"Yeah yeah, but we both know you're a fucking lying little cunt. You freaks always stick together, this messed up nuclear waste-looking weirdo what you into now? Ha ha what a joke. Tell me Pete
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does he like your boy pussy?" The guy made a gross licking motion with his tongue as he leered at Peter.

Wade swung round and punched the guy on his jaw, knocking him to the ground. As he tried to get up The Merc kicked him square in his chest. "I told you to get the fuck out of here!" Then he grabbed him by his jacket and dragged him over the road to his car. He slammed him down on the bonnet and got up close to his face. "I don't know who the hell you are and why your stinking ass turned up round here, but I suggest you get in your piece of shit car and get the fuck away from my town." Wade threw him on the floor and kicked him towards his car door. "Get in the car! Don't push me you pathetic piece of shit. You have no idea who you are messing with."

Peter couldn't breathe, his chest felt too tight and his hands were numb. He was having a huge panic attack. One of the customers who had been having a coffee came out and put their coat around his shoulders and got him to sit on the bench outside the shop. He couldn't speak, all he could do was watch Wade kick the crap out of his ex and then he got in his crappy old car and shouted out the window as he drove by. "This isn't over! I want my money!"

I can't tell him. I can't. He'll hate me.

Wade came running over to the bench and the customer went inside leaving the two men alone. "What just happened? I mean do you know that creep? Why was he calling you Pete?" Wade was totally confused as he took hold of Peter's hand. He could feel he was shaking. "Hey that guy can't hurt you Ben. He's a low life piece of shit. I don't know what ..."

"I have never seen him before in my life." Peter cut Wade off mid sentence. His eyes were staring with an icy intensity. He had to convince Wade that the guy had the wrong person.

Please believe me, don't make me tell you. I just want it all to go away....but it never will.

Why did he turn up here? What money does he want? I will have to leave. I need to call Janey.

"I swear Wade, he just came in the shop and started demanding money, calling me 'Pete' and being a real asshole. Ask those people in there they witnessed everything. I told him I would call the police if he didn't leave." Just as Peter was trying to convince Wade a police car pulled up outside the garage. Wade groaned "Oh here we go, who called these guys?"

"Mr Wilson? We just got a call that there was a fight going on outside your bar. Care to elaborate?" The cop waited for Wade to walk over the road. "Hey if it isn't Officer Brooks, how are you on this fine day? I swear you look more like Ryan Reynolds every time I see you. Such a handsome fella!"

The cop tutted and rolled his eyes. "It's Gosling, Ryan Gosling, my wife has the calendar in the kitchen." Wade grinned and sidled up to the cop. "Ohhh get you it's ALL the Ryans, so greedy. But hey no, there was no fight, just some drunk idiot trying to get in his car. He fell over and I tried to help him but he started shouting so hey I just let him go." Wade smiled broadly at the cop.

"What about him? He looks like he's just seen a ghost." The cop nodded at Peter.

"No he's not well. I think he might have food poisoning." Wade deflected the cop's nosey questions. "Anyhooo officer as you can see all is quiet on our thriving little main street here, so I'm not going to waste any more of your time." The cop walked back over to his car. Before he got back in he warned Wade. "Look, I'm not stupid. I know something doesn't add up here, but as it seems to have been resolved I'll leave it for now, but don't think I'm not watching you. Go see to your friend he looks like he could use a drink."

Wade waved the cop car off and looked back over the road. He knew something was very wrong but unless 'Ben', or whatever his name is, decided to tell him the truth he had no choice but to take his word for it. He was worried about him, his eyes looked too scared.

"Hey Benny boy you want me to shut up the shop for you? I'm sure people will understand if you say you're not well or something."

"No, I'm fine, just a bit shook up. It's not every day some weirdo starts causing a scene. I'll be okay. I just want to get on with my day and forget about what happened. He won't come back and besides I'm not scared of him." Peter stood up and smiled at Wade, but his eyes told a different story. As he went to walk in he stopped and turned to Wade reaching up to kiss his cheek. He whispered to him. "Thank You for coming to rescue me. I think you really were a knight in your past life." He smiled softly as he went back inside.

Wade had a warm fuzzy feeling in his belly, but his mind was still too distracted.

I need him to start talking.

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That night Peter sent a message to Janey's partner asking if he could contact him and marked it urgent. He had no idea if they could help, but he had to do something because he knew his ex wouldn't leave him alone.

He's not going to take my life away again.

Chapter End Notes

I love Wade.
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Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Things go from bad to worse as Peter's ex takes his revenge. Peter and Wade's relationship intensifies and Wade welcomes back an old friend.

Chapter Notes

Things kick off.
Again here are mentions of Peter's past abuse.
But there is also some smut and fluff and a certain loveable anti hero wants to join in all the fun.

Peter had a message board on his website for the shop and it linked up to his social media accounts. He didn't really do many personal posts, it was all mainly promotion for new stock and any events he felt were interesting or relevant to his followers. The message board was open to any body who wished to contact him. Wade found it highly amusing and regularly sent messages requesting outrageous titles or fake reviews of local tourist attractions and businesses. Peter thought it was funny, it was innocent and Wade's level of humour tickled him.

He heard the laptop ping with a new notification. He gasped with laughter when he saw what it said.

Dear Sir
I would like to place an order for a copy of the renowned Canadian classic "Mounties In The Snow" a tale as old as time about two men discovering their love of red uniforms and a mountain of cocaine. Could you please advise me how much this will cost? I don't have a bank account but I could send the money via carrier pigeon. I await your reply.
Yours faithfully Reverend W.Anka.

Peter shook his head and grinned as he imagined Wade's mischievous face. He had started to feel calmer since receiving a reply from Janey's partner. They were looking into his ex's movements and told Peter not to worry. He would stay put for the time being.

It had been two days since the encounter with his ex and Peter knew he wouldn't leave it at that. He had been on edge ever since he saw him. He had questioned Wade about where the guy had come from and had drawn the conclusion that it had been a horrible coincidence. He had found him by accident.

What are the fucking odds on that?

Wade had been very clingy around him since the incident, checking in on him and keeping an eye on the store after Peter closed and went home. Then he would message him and try and come over to see if he wanted anything. Peter had kept him at arm's length until he'd heard from his lawyer. He decided to ask him if he wanted to hang out that evening. He needed him to think everything

was fine.
The laptop pinged again with another message. Peter was already smiling thinking it would be from Wade.

He opened the message board and a look of terror crept over his face.

"Oh shit, oh no no NO!"

There on the screen was a photograph of himself. He was naked except for a red lace bodice and thigh high stockings. He was wearing make up and a blonde wig, but it was clearly him. The bodice was crotchless and the position in which he was lying revealed everything. Under the picture in big bold letters were the words YOUR FRIENDLY NEIGHBOURHOOD BOOK SELLER.

Peter frantically pressed the delete button and the image disappeared, but almost immediately more notifications popped up from his social media accounts. The same photo and he could see it was being shared and reposted. He deleted the image and posted that his account had been hacked and he was closing the accounts until it had been sorted out. He was in a blind panic. He blocked the sender multiple times and shut his accounts down temporarily to safeguard himself. He then took the shop website down 'for maintenance'.

He could hear his phone buzzing and he looked in horror at a multitude of texts from people saying they'd received a weird message with a messed up photo. He sent out a group reply telling them he'd been hacked by some troll and he was looking into it and could they please delete any weird images as of course they were photo-shopped nonsense.

He sat back in his seat and felt his stomach turn. He didn't know what to do. He knew his ex would be out for some kind of revenge, but this was beyond what Peter had expected. He felt violated and his head hurt so much. How was he ever going to be able to move on and have any kind of normal relationship? And what about how he felt about Wade.

Shit, Wade.

Across at the bar Wade had been taking a break when he checked in on the shop message board to send another funny request. His eyes were like saucers as he suddenly saw the image of what looked like a young man in lingerie in a very seductive pose that revealed a lot more than Wade had expected. His face looked familiar. "Holy shit is that Ben?" He clicked on the image to zoom in on the face but a notice appeared saying the image had been deleted. Then the whole site froze and a message came up on screen saying the site had been temporarily closed.

Wade heard his phone and he checked his online messages. There was the photo again and what looked like a group reply saying the accounts had been hacked. Wade looked at the photo. He thought it looked real enough, but he knew how easy it was to photoshop people's heads onto other bodies...he had been very creative himself in that department. Wade felt weird seeing the image. His curiosity made him want to look, but his decency told him to delete it. This was clearly some sick joke and whoever that was in the photo had not given him permission to view it.

He got up and walked over to the shop. The closed sign was up and the door was locked. He peered through the window but there was no sign of life.

Back at home Peter was hyperventilating as he took in what had just happened. He had messaged his lawyer telling him about it and to his horror he got a reply saying he had received the image too in his inbox. He reassured Peter he'd seen far more outrageous things in his life and he would delete it as soon as they traced the sender. Much as Peter was grateful it didn't make him feel any better.

He paced up and down the room, frantic with worry, not knowing what was going to happen next and almost jumped out of his skin when he heard loud knocking on the door. He cautiously looked down through the window and felt relieved when he saw Wade smiling up at him.

Peter was a nervous wreck as he got them both a drink from the kitchen. He was trying to act calm as he had no idea if Wade had seen the image.

"So, how come you closed the shop? Did something happen?" Wade's face gave too much away and Peter knew he had seen it. "Wade I think you know why."

"Hey BenBen don't worry okay, you're not the first person to be trolled. There's some total idiots out there. That photo was clearly fake."

Or was it?

Being pansexual Wade had enjoyed intimate relationships with all kinds of people in his life. If he was attracted to someone he didn't really focus on what was in their pants, it was all pretty much a turn on to him. He knew who he was and he accepted others as he hoped they would accept him, something he had often found lacking due to his appearance.

Peter felt himself start to cry and he couldn't stop it. He hid his face in his hands and cried long drawn out sobs. It had all been too much for him. The shock of seeing his ex and the confrontation and now this awful invasion of his privacy. He felt so embarrassed and uncomfortable about it all. He felt bereft of his lovely new life and the feelings of belonging and security he had started to experience.

It was all so unfair.

He felt Wade's hands on his shoulders as he pulled him in for a hug. His body felt warm and secure and Peter never wanted him to let go.

Just tell him.

"Wade?"

"Yes Benny Baby what's up?"

"I need to tell you something. Well...actually it's a few things, but I am worried about your reaction."

"Don't be, I'm unshockable and I would never get angry with you. Just tell me baby and we can work it out together. I'm here for you. I care about you." Wade squeezed him tight against his chest. Peter loved the restricted feeling of being caught in Wade's arms.

"Okay....well...the thing is that my name isn't really Ben ....it's Peter." He waited for a reply.

"Ha! I knew it. I saw your face when that asshole was shouting at you and I just knew it. Thank you for telling me the truth. So, do I keep calling you Ben or would you like me to switch to Peter now?" Wade planted a kiss on Peter's forehead.

"You can call me Peter....although I've got quite attached to BenBen....it's sweet."

Wade whispered in Peter's ear. "I can still call you BenBen in your dreams cutie pie."

Peter felt Wade's voice go through him like a bolt of lightening, striking him right between his

legs. He gulped as he felt his crotch tighten and twitch like crazy. He knew he wanted him, but he still felt so anxious about revealing himself to him.

"Okay so the other thing I need to tell you is that the photo you saw was not a fake. It was really me. The bastard who posted it was my ex and yes that's the same guy who's ass you kicked the other day." This time Wade was silent and Peter's heart was in his mouth.

Wade was brooding over what Peter had just told him. His initial instinct was to jump on his motorbike and head off to the city, find that creep and teach him a lesson, Mercenary style. In fact it awoke old feelings inside him that he had long turned his back on. Somebody he used to be spoke inside his head and he really didn't want that guy to make a come-back.

Ahh come on Wadey baby let Pool out to play.

No! Piss off.

"Peter listen to me. I will support you in whichever way you need me to. I don't care about that photo. What you did before we met is none of my business. I mean it's not even like we're dating, but then it also kind of is....in fact what are we Peter? What is our relationship? I'll be honest. I have feelings for you that are way stronger than just friendship. I sort of think of you as my boyfriend, except we're never intimate, which is fine by the way, but it just makes me wonder how you see me." Wade felt a sense of relief at finally being honest.

"I, well, I sort of think of you like my boyfriend too. I am very attracted to you and you do turn me on, but because of what happened with my ex I have issues Wade. I find intimacy very difficult. I did not choose to pose for that photo. My ex was very abusive and he forced me to do a lot of stuff that I didn't want to. He was the first guy I had sex with and he just took what he wanted. I was trapped in a very bad situation." Peter saw Wade's face go rigid. His eyes were staring straight ahead and he seemed to be lost in thought.

Now can Aunty Deadpool come to the party?

We could play 'pin the katana on the bad guy'.

Oh! Oh! What about if we made a bad guy jigsaw? We could cut him into little pieces and lay them all out. Ohhh yesss Deadpool likes that one.

Wade Wilson you listen to me. That motherfucking creep hurt your boyfriend. He is the best thing that's ever happened to you. Are you going to let this asshole scare him away?

Wade shook his head to stop the voice from distracting him. He was trying to process what he had just heard. He wanted to rip the guy's head off, but at the same time he wanted to comfort Peter. He needed to love him, make him feel good about himself. "Peter all I want is to make you smile. The sound of your laughter is like heavenly music in my ears. Every time I succeed in making you laugh it's like I've won a prize. More than that though I just want to kiss you every time I see you."

Peter didn't say a word as he stroked The Merc's face, his fingertips lightly caressing the damaged skin. He brought his face right up close to Wade's and gazed in his eyes. "Do it. Kiss me. I want you to." Wade wasted no time and firmly pressed his scarred mouth against Peter's smooth full lips, completely devouring him. He laced his fingers through Peter's dark hair and held his head in place while their tongues circled round their mouths and the warm wet sensation filled them both with intense pleasure.

Their kiss seemed to go on for ever and when they pulled apart Peter's face was hot and blushed.

Wade was panting and laughing, his elation at finally being able to get closer to this amazing man was written all over his face. "That was the best kiss I've ever had. I think for scientific research I should investigate your mouth a little longer." Wade dove back in with his tongue and held Peter in a tight embrace. The younger man lost himself in the heat of the kiss and his firm hold. He felt so safe in that one moment.

Wade slowly pushed Peter back on to the sofa and continued kissing him while he pressed his body down on him. He moved his hand under Peter's shirt and felt his soft skin as he trailed his fingers along his abdomen. In his mind he could see the white vest sticking to the muscles, the sweat making his skin look shiny and inviting. He lifted the shirt and moved down to kiss his stomach and heard Peter's breathing increase, but when he looked up at his face he saw fear in his eyes. "Hey what's wrong? Am I going too fast? I'm so sorry baby." Wade lowered the shirt and sat up again. "There's no rush, we can wait. I know you feel afraid but please there's no need. I won't hurt you."

"I know you won't hurt me. I'm scared that if we get intimate you will treat me differently. You saw the photo, you know I'm not your average guy." Peter bit his lip as he tried to read Wade's expression.

Nope there's definitely nothing average about you.

"Peter I didn't really see a lot. I deleted it. All I care about is your happiness. If you don't want me to touch you I won't. If you only want to touch yourself that's fine too, I know you think about me when you do, I heard you." Wade knew he had probably said too much, but he wanted to show Peter it was okay.

"What? When?" Peter felt his face burning.

"Remember that afternoon when we had the thunderstorm? You were dressed in that white vest and the overalls and you locked yourself in the bathroom? Well, I accidentally heard you in there when I walked in. I didn't want to make you feel awkward so I crept back out. Peter I've not stopped thinking about the look on your face when you walked out of that bathroom. You were glowing, it looked so damned hot." Wade smiled wistfully as he thought about it.

"Oh my god. I'm so embarrassed. I just ....I don't know. It was the heat and you...seeing you like that, with your overalls all dirty and your body and you clearly had a boner. It just did something to me. I couldn't stop myself." Peter tried to hide a smile. "You know it's pretty hot that you heard me, I sort of like it." He reached over and stroked Wade's hand.

Damned right it's hot it's all I can think about.

They sat and talked a while longer and got comfy for the evening. Peter cooked them some food and they kissed some more, holding each other and being tender and affectionate. They knew how they felt about one another. There was a fire burning inside them and soon it would erupt into pure passion, but for now it was on a slow burn.

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Inside the book shop another kind of fire was taking hold. The flames licked round the pages of the books and engulfed the wooden shelves, the varnish acting like an accelerant. Further down the road a beaten up old Mustang revved it's engine and drove off into the night.

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"Wade?"

"Yes Peter?"

"Do you think you could stay with me tonight? I don't want to be alone. I just really need to lie beside you and feel your arms round me. Would that be ok?"

"I thought you'd never ask."

Wade felt a lift in his heart. He had been waiting for this moment. All he wanted was to lie beside this beautiful man and hold him all night.

Just hold him Wadey baby?

Yes, shut up!

Ah come on, his body is like a treasure map waiting to be explored.

Don't you want to find the special secret gemstone Wade?

Jesus no...well...yes...but NO stop it get out of my head Pool!

Awww not fair!

In trying to deal with his anger at Peter's ex Wade's mind had opened up a door that had been locked for a long time. It was a door he had firmly slammed shut when he left the city. Now the voice of his alter ego was teasing him and he knew it was going to end badly if he didn't control it. Deadpool would cause mayhem and destruction and he needed to be calm and focussed.

Peter was in the bathroom getting undressed. He looked at himself in the mirror. His manhood was small to average for a guy his age, he had hoped it would grow a bit bigger, but at least it was a nice shape. There were no balls, they were actually inside his body and behind his penis were the soft outlines of his labia. At first glance you couldn't see it, but it was clear something was 'different'. The rest of his body looked male, athletic, but graceful. He wasn't very hairy, just a small amount of dark pubic hair above his genitals and under his armpits but otherwise his body was smooth. He liked the way he looked. He wanted Wade to like the way he looked too.

When he came out of the bathroom dressed in PJ bottoms and a t-shirt Wade was lying on the bed in his boxer shorts. It was the first time Peter had seen so much of his skin. It looked strange, almost like he was alien in some way. He had never asked Wade about what happened to him and aside from the self deprecating comments Wade didn't mention it. Peter wondered if he was a mutant of some kind. He had heard of the X-Men, but as far as he knew he'd never met any mutants. He was fascinated by Wade's body, it looked firm and toned.

And big....don't forget how big he is Peter.

"I thought I'd treat you to the full Wade Wilson skin experience. Now don't worry it's not catching and when you get up close and personal it actually feels quite soft. If you can't sleep you can count my scars." Wade patted the bed beside him and watched as Peter lay down against him.

"Mmm you feel so nice and warm Wade, wrap me up in your arms, keep me safe." Peter put his head on The Merc's chest and felt so cosy. He could see he was aroused and deep in his core he felt that burn telling him he wanted Wade to take him, but he didn't want it to be just a one time thing. He was falling for him and he wanted them to be together as a couple.

Wade could see Peter looking at his boxer shorts and the bulge he was trying to control and it was only turning him on more. He turned over on to his side and pulled Peter up against him. "Let me hold you close baby, you feel good against my body." He nuzzled Peter's neck listening to him whimper as he bit at his skin, he licked his jaw and found his lips as he sucked them and kissed them hard all the while grinding his hips against him. Peter's breathing was short and quick, he was so turned on, but he still felt scared of being with Wade. He really wanted to touch himself and he rubbed his own erection over his PJs. Peter was moaning softly as he turned on his back and his hand pressed on the fabric, it felt damp from the precum leaking out of his member. He knew he would be wet between his legs and he wanted to feel his fingers deep inside himself. Wade was looking down watching Peter's hand and he whispered to him. "Go on baby touch yourself. I won't watch. I'll just listen and hold you. It's okay, I want you to feel good."

That was all Peter needed to hear and he thrust his hand inside his PJs and started jerking himself off, stroking his cock with short fast movements. He was pushing his hips in an upward motion as his other hand rubbed over the fabric between his legs. He could already feel how wet he was and he groaned as he felt Wade's hand stroking his nipple and heard his breathy voice in his ear. "Use your fingers. I want to hear how wet you are Peter." Wade pushed his face into Peter's hair breathing him in. He listened to him whining and panting as he fingered himself deeply, the slick saturated sounds filling the air.

Holy fucking hell, this is the hottest thing I've ever heard. He's gonna make me come without even touching me. Oh god I would give every single one of my lives just to be between those thighs right now.

Wade had promised he wouldn't look but the horny sounds and Peter's thrashing body made him glance downwards and all he could see was undulated pleasure as Peter made himself come. He cried out and Wade grabbed him close, holding on to his body and soothing him with encouraging whispers. "That's right Baby Boy, make it feel good, make it last long, enjoy it. You look so sexy and you sound so amazing." Wade turned Peter's face towards him and kissed him gently all the while looking into his half closed eyes. His own erection was sticking into the side of Peter's hip and he grinded against him as his body shook with the after effects of his orgasm.

"Wade, I want to touch you." Peter didn't wait as he pushed his hand, still wet from his own juices, into Wade's boxer shorts and started caressing his large manhood. Wade groaned and caught a faint smell of salty mustiness as Peter worked his hand up and down spreading his own scent over Wade's throbbing cock. "That's it big boy come for me, think about how wet you made me and how good it sounded, think about fucking me over and over any way you want to...Oh...yeah that's it!" Wade came with such ferocity his body shot up into a sitting position as he shouted loudly. "Oh my fucking god!!" He was hot and sweating and his boxer shorts were a mess of sticky cum, but he felt like he was in a happy floaty daze, all rainbows and smiley flowers. Wade was a big softy at heart and this had fulfilled every marshmallow dream he could think of.

As the two men lay side by side wrapped in each other's arms the sounds of fire engines rang out in the distance and unbeknown to Wade his phone was ringing in the next room. Likewise Peter's phone lit up but both were on silent. "Sounds like there's a fire across town. I wonder where. Hope nobody's hurt." Wade mused out loud and Peter responded with sleepy hums.

They were so comfortable and warm with the covers and Wade's body heat sending them off to sleep they didn't hear the banging noise at first. Then Wade's eyes opened wide and he sat up. "Peter, somebody is banging on the door downstairs." Peter was suddenly fully awake and a look of fear spread across his face. The banging started up again. Wade jumped out of bed and put his clothes on. "Wait here, don't worry it'll be okay."

Peter got up and got dressed. He looked out of the window and through the darkened sky he could see smoke billowing up down the end of the main street. His whole body went cold as he realised what was directly in that location.

The shop. That cruel bastard has set fire to my shop.

Peter slipped his trainers on and started clambering down the stairs just as Wade was coming to get him. He burst through the front door and started running up the main street. His heart was racing and tears were streaming down his face as he ran for his life to get to his beloved bookshop.

But it was too late.

The fire had spread throughout the building and completely devastated the interior. The fire brigade had managed to save the outer structure but it was just a smouldering wreck. The black ashes rising up into the sky as the smoke still hung in the air. It smelt like a forest fire due to all the wood getting burnt. Peter just sat down in the middle of the sidewalk and wept.

Wade came running up to him and then he stopped and just stared at the burnt out shop. He felt a deep sadness in his heart for his beloved sat there weeping on the pavement. He scooped him up in his arms and carried him across to the bar. The staff had called the fire brigade and they had been trying to call Wade. It was the owner of the bakery who had come to wake them both up. Peter was sobbing uncontrollably and Wade took him inside and poured him some brandy. "Here drink this it'll help." He left Peter sitting with one of the girls who worked behind the bar as he went outside to talk to the fire marshal. He already knew what he was going to say.

"Arson. Petrol through the letterbox and a lit rag. With all that wood and varnish it would have gone up in minutes."

And we know exactly who is responsible.

Wade clenched his jaw in frustration. Lines had been crossed and someone could have been seriously hurt. Wade was so glad Peter hadn't moved in above the shop yet or he could have been burnt to death. The thought made him go cold. He wasn't going to sit by and do nothing. This asshole needed some serious lessons in good manners and who better than a red-blooded Canadian Anti-Hero to teach him.

The time has come to welcome back God's perfect idiot.

He would head off to the city to put the feelers out with some of his old contacts and with any information Peter could give him he was going to nail this bastard once and for all.

Wade walked into the garage and unlocked the padlock on the metal chest he kept in the back of the workshop. The red and black mask stared up at him with menacing glee. He lifted out his suit and looked it over. His katanas and guns lay neatly below the suit and he checked his ammunition supply. There was also a single hand gun with a couple of rounds of ammo. He was going to give it to Peter for protection while he was away.

Under a large dust sheet stood his motorbike, he smoothed his hand over the red and black paint work and checked the tyres over. The chrome gleamed and the strong smell of leather drifted up from the seat. It had been too long since he last rode his bike and he felt a little lift at the idea. He'd have to take Peter for a ride soon.

In more ways than one.

Jesus Pool not now!

Ok Ok but only 'cause I'm gonna get to play soon.

Wade took the hand gun and put it in a bag as he walked back over to the bar. He thanked his staff and sent them all home so it was just him and what appeared to be a quite drunk Peter.

Shit how much fucking brandy did they give him?

"Come on Sweetness it's bed time. We'll deal with this shit tomorrow. You can sleep upstairs with me. It's not as clean and tidy as your little palace but somehow I don't think you're that bothered right now." Wade lifted Peter up over his shoulder and carried him outside. He locked the bar and glanced over at the smoking bookshop and shook his head. "What a fucking waste."

Upstairs Wade lay Peter on his bed and took off his shoes and jeans. He undressed himself and looked for some clean boxers. He glanced at Peter who was watching him with drowsy eyes. "Wade what am I going to do? My dream has just gone up in smoke." Peter looked so sad, but then he started giggling, clearly fuelled by the alcohol. "I can see your ass....oh you're naked....hahaha it's cute....you're cute." Peter squeezed his eyes shut and then opened them again as he stared at naked Wade. "You're like a big scarred angel, like you fell off a cloud and got all fucked up on the fall down from heaven. I think you're so sexy Wade ....I'm gonna eat you!" He giggled some more and then he sat up with tears in his eyes. Wade could see he was thinking.

"I love you Wade Wilson." Peter smiled broadly and then he fell back on the bed, within seconds he was snoring his head off.

Wade was speechless, something that only occurred once every five years or so. He was struck by what Peter had said about him being a scarred angel. He liked it, nobody ever said stuff like that to him and to then top it off with a declaration of love was too much for Wade's heart.

Yeah I know he's drunk, but still, it was nice to hear him say it.

Wade put on his boxers and slid next to Peter on the bed. He wrapped his arms round the younger man and pulled him in close. He was going to make it all better. He would help him build a new shop or they could leave and find a new town to settle in. Nothing was going to stop them from having the happy life they deserved.

"I love you too Peter Parker."

Under the covers, enclosed in Wade's warm embrace, Peter smiled.

I'm so glad I found you.

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Deadpool goes hunting and Peter gets a shock.

Chapter Notes

Triggers:
This chapter features some typical Deadpool violence.
There is also a scene involving the sleaze ball ex where he uses derogatory language about Peter.
Peter meets Deadpool for the first time....and let's just say he certainly makes an impression!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Just keep it still and focus on the bottle." Wade was giving Peter some shooting lessons with the hand gun. It was early morning and he wanted to head off for the city sometime during the afternoon.He had already sent a message to a few old contacts. He would meet up with them at his old stomping ground in the less desirable part of the city. First he wanted to be sure Peter felt confident with the gun

Peter hated guns. He hated weapons of any kind, but he knew Wade wanted him to be safe. "I can shoot one of these you know. When I was thirteen my uncle took me on a hunting trip and taught me how to shoot not just rifles but a handgun too. I think he thought he was teaching me some life skill, but I hated every moment." Peter aimed and with a perfect steady shot he hit the bottle full on. "Yeah I forgot to mention I'm quite good at this."

Wade laughed, more out of relief than amusement. "Damn it Peter you just keep surprising me. Under that sweet calm exterior there's an animal waiting to get out." Wade moved in behind him and squeezed his butt cheek.

When all this shit is done I'm gonna bite that tight little ass.

The shop had been secured while the fire marshal made a full report. Peter had called his insurance and to his relief it looked like he was covered, but he had to wait for the paper work from the investigation. It was going to take weeks and then the rebuild would take months. Peter felt devastated by the loss. All his hard work and all the books destroyed by one selfish mean individual.

Peter couldn't understand why his ex hated him so much and why he thought he owed him money. Wade had told him about what he had said in the bar, he was fixated on money accusing his 'bitch ex' of taking everything. As far as Peter could make out the only money he had was his aunt's life insurance. His ex had made lots of money off him by exploiting and abusing him, wasn't that enough? Peter had been the merchandise but he never saw a cent of the revenue he had brought in. In fact it was safe to say his ex was the one who owed him money.

His mind drifted to Janey, was there something she hadn't told him? He needed to get hold of her. He grabbed his phone and sent a message to her partner. He told him about the fire and he demanded to know what was going on.

His other problem was the short term lack of funds. He could no longer afford to rent the place over the hardware store if he had no income coming in and it would take weeks for the insurance to come through.

Wade was busy getting his bike ready for his trip. He could see Peter was deep in thought, the worry lines prominent on his forehead as he brooded sitting in the garage office. "Hey sweet cheeks talk to me. I don't want you to worry about anything." Wade was going to take care of him, he was going to make this whole sorry mess better again.

"I have no money Wade. I put everything I had into my business and all I have is this month's rent and then it's gone." Peter's eyes started filling up with tears. "Why has he done this to me? I don't owe him SHIT! He is a fucking monster.....I HATE HIM!!!" Peter shouted it through the garage and threw his chair across the office, it crashed into the back wall. He stood there sobbing into his hands. He felt so angry that his ex had once again taken something so personal and precious from him.

I want to kill him.

Peter's eyes widened at the realisation of that thought. He wasn't a killer, he wouldn't know how. He hated what his ex had driven him to. The level he had sunk to by allowing himself to even think something so dark again was truly shocking to Peter's kind heart. All his old insecurities rose to the surface. He felt ashamed of himself. "Wade I am a bad person. I wished him dead, in fact I wished I could kill him and I've thought it before. I used to fantasise about stabbing him. I don't want to be that person. Violence scares me."

Wade pulled him closer and wiped his face with his sleeve. "Listen to me sweetheart, you have nothing to feel bad about. You are a good person who has been through some really fucked up shit. Those thoughts just make you human nothing else. I know you are a beautiful person with a huge generous heart and baby I'm gonna take care of you. Move your stuff upstairs here and stay as long as you need to. No pressure on things between us. You can come and go as you please. If you need a job you can help me sort out my paperwork for the bar and this place because I usually pay a guy, but I trust you a lot more than him." Wade lifted Peter's face up and smiled at him, he leant in and kissed him, tasting the salt on his skin from his tears.

If violence scares him it's probably better I don't tell him about Deadpool.

Ohhhh way to kick a guy in the shiny marbles there champ! I was looking forward to talking him into bed, you know how irresistible I am.

NO pool. You are not going anywhere near him.

We do this job and you are going straight back in the chest.

Ahhh nooo I'm just your gimp.

Wade realised it was not the healthiest of situations to be arguing with his alter ego like this, but that's how it had always been. The minute he put the suit on he became Deadpool and it took a lot to shake him off afterwards. He didn't want to be around Peter when he was like that. To his shame he knew he would behave in a very inappropriate manner and Peter wouldn't stand a chance.

But Wadey baby he might like it....what was it you said about him being an animal waiting to get out?

Jesus christ.....no just...no.

Pool you keep the fuck away from him.

Wade had told Peter he was just going to see what he could find out about his ex, visit some people, look up some old contacts. The truth was the minute he got within spitting distance of the city he was going to suit up. He had every intention of finding this motherfucker and slicing him up. Nobody was going to miss this guy.

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"Keep your phone on and fully charged. Any sign of trouble you call me ok? If for some reason you can't talk just let the phone call out and leave it on. I have mine right here so I can grab it. I should be back by the morning okay sweet cheeks? You have the gun, keep it with you. I've told the bar girls you're gonna be upstairs and they won't hassle you. They'll be shutting up the bar at eleven and I told them to leave the outside lights on. Stay inside and keep the doors locked."

Wade got on his motorbike and hoisted his bag on the back. The motor growled beneath him and he felt the familiar drone between his legs. He reached across and pulled Peter towards him, leaning him against his thigh and the vibration of the bike. He kissed his neck and spoke softly in his ear. "You feel that hum of the engine? When I get back I'm gonna make you purr like that."

Peter closed his eyes and held his breath as he felt the words hit deep in his core. He kissed him hungrily until Wade broke away and told him to go back inside. He waited until Peter was indoors and then he drove off. He would reach the city just as it was getting dark, the perfect time for scumbag hunting.

As Wade rode off down the main street, up ahead in the opposite direction a pick up truck sat parked just out of sight. Peter's ex grinned to himself as he watched The Merc disappear. This was all way too easy. He knew Wade was going to the city as he had a call from an associate that some ex-Mercenary called Wilson was asking around about him. He had basically offered Peter up on a plate to him. He would give it until sundown then he would go over and reacquaint himself with his ex.

Peter was restoring his website and checking his online accounts, listening to the music drifting up from the bar. A video chat notification popped up and he saw it was Janey. He opened the link and her face appeared on screen.

"Hi Peter I got your message. I'm so sorry to hear what has been happening and now the fire I can't believe that creep. I understand he found you by accident? That's unbelievable bad luck."

"Yeah, tell me about it! So Janey I need you to be honest with me because all he keeps saying is that I owe him money and that I took his money. I know it's not about the life insurance. I think you know what it is." Peter watched as Janey looked uncomfortable.

"Yes I'm so sorry. I honestly thought you would never see him again. I nailed him on tax avoidance and got the tax office to persecute him. They took it all. He had to pay up or go to jail and as it was he ended up serving thirty days as he couldn't cover the fine. All his online accounts were investigated and I got that sleazy website shut down. I know I should have told you but Peter when I saw the photos on the site I felt so angry. I just wanted to fuck him up and I knew money was all he really cared about." Janey looked upset as she told Peter the truth.
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"Jesus. I wish you'd have told me. I mean I am grateful, but Janey it wasn't your battle to fight. You did right by me, you helped me and you helped my Aunt. You did your job and I will be forever grateful for the risks you took, but this has caused me more grief and loss and now I have nothing. My beautiful shop is a burnt out shell and yes I'll get the insurance, but I'll be forever looking over my shoulder. Now my boyfriend has gone off to the city to look for my ex and I have a bad feeling about it." Peter heard his phone buzz. "Hang on, my phone."

"Hello? Wade? Yeah no I'm talking to Janey on the laptop. I know what the money is all about, she got the tax office on to him. I'll tell you the whole story when you get back ok. No..yes..and Wade ..I love you." Peter smiled as Wade told him he loved him more.

"Peter was that Wade Wilson you were talking to? I knew you were friends as my partner told me you had mentioned him, but seriously Peter are you in love with this guy? I hate to say it but you have astoundingly bad taste in men. Do you know who Wade is? Or rather who he used to be? He's got a very colourful reputation in the city and he's no wall flower. If Wilson's gone after your ex then your bad feeling is spot on, because if he finds him he will kill him." Janey looked deadly serious.

"I know he has a shady past, I know it's all connected to his skin and stuff that happened, but we don't talk about it. He's lived here peacefully for some time now and he is happy. We're happy. He treats me right, not like that bastard. He is kind and generous and he makes me laugh. Whatever he did in the past is none of my business. He's changed. He said he was only going to make enquiries." Peter felt a knot in the pit of his stomach.

"Okay look, it's up to you. I can't judge based on stuff from a few years ago, maybe he has changed. I know he retired from the Merc business. There have been no reports of Deadpool showing up in the city lately and he's the guy you don't want to meet. I'm no trying to scare you Peter or tell you how to live your life, but please be careful. If you say Wade loves you then I believe you. Just keep your wits about you. Oh...hey that's the doorbell I need to go Peter, please keep me posted okay? Be careful!" And with that Janey was gone.

What was that name she said?

And what the hell is a Merc?

Peter suddenly heard knocking on the door. He sat very still and waited. Another knock, this time with a girl's voice. "Hey Peter you in there? I got Officer Brooks downstairs asking for Wade, something about the fire, could you come down and see him?" Peter relaxed and opened the door. "Sure no problem, hang on." Peter slipped his shoes on and ran down the stairs.

As Peter disappeared into the bar a figure emerged from the shadows and made his way up the stairs and into the apartment. "Tssk Pete leaving the door unlocked, you're practically begging me to come inside."

Officer Brooks was in plain clothes and had stopped off to inform Peter and Wade that they had received a tip off that a beaten up old mustang had been spotted in the vicinity on the night of the fire and was it a coincidence that a similar car had been described on the day of the fight outside the garage. Peter played dumb and said he didn't know the owner of the car and he had been drunk and causing trouble. He could tell the cop wasn't buying it but without Wade there to back him up he didn't want to say any more. He asked him to get Wade to contact him and he went on his way. Peter rolled his eyes at the girls and they laughed. He got himself a beer and went back upstairs.

Shit, I didn't lock the door, that was a bit stupid.

Peter went back inside and continued working on his laptop, unaware that he had an uninvited guest waiting behind the door in the bedroom.

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"Ohhhh really? So you're not gonna be a good little soldier and tell sergeant Deadpool where your leeetle frieeend is? Am I going to have to start removing body parts until you squeal little piggy squeal?" Deadpool took out a small sharp dagger from a strap on his thigh and started slicing the guy's fingers off, making him screech in pain. The guy fell to the floor and Deadpool kicked him in the face sending him flying back.

Then he turned to the second guy who he had pinned to the wall with his katana shoved through his shoulder. "So, princess meathead you have two choices. Either you tell me where your asshole buddy is or I start carving you up like a big old thanksgiving Turkey. I like the legs best, oh oh and mashed potato mmmm." Deadpool unsheathed his second katana and kissed the blade as he prepared to swing it across the guy's leg. He hollered at The Merc in blind panic. "No stop, no please. I don't know where he went. He took off this afternoon in my truck, said he had business to sort upstate. Please...I swear that's all I know."

Deadpool looked around at the other guy who was bleeding out all over the floor. "You know in my younger days I would have killed you both by now, but I'm only going to kill one of you instead, send out a message that Deadpool is still very much alive and definitely ready to party. Eenie meenie miney mo....which naughty bad guy has to go?" With that he raised his katana and plunged it straight through the second guy's heart. "Oops!" He removed his other sword and watched the body slump to the ground. He wiped both blades on the dead guy's jacket, blew the other a guy a kiss and ran out to jump on his bike.

"So that little bastard thinks he can outsmart me? I do believe it's time to return to the homestead and meet the husband. Don't worry Peter darling Prince Deadpool is coming to save you. I'm gonna have me some bad guy kebab and a sexy little bookseller for dessert." He raced off on the bike whooping and laughing as he headed out of the city.

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Peter was starting to feel tired. He heard the music go off downstairs and the girls laughing as they closed up the bar. He went over to the window and waved at them. They giggled as one pushed the other and blew him a kiss. Peter knew they liked flirting with him, he was quite flattered. He smiled to himself as he watched them go.

Suddenly he felt movement behind him but before he knew what was happening a hand was clasped over his mouth and his arm was pinned up behind his back. He could hear low breathing in his ear and then the unmistakable voice of his ex.

"Hey Pretty Pete I figured you might be lonely without your boyfriend, thought we could have some fun like old times." Peter shuddered at the sound of the sickening voice and he tried to wriggle free from his hold. His ex moved his hand from Peter's mouth and grabbed his other arm. He pushed him on to the sofa and knelt on the small of his back while he tied his hands with cable ties.

Peter was yelling at him and struggling. "I fucking hate you! Why are you doing this? I've got nothing for you. You took everything!"

Peter's ex laughed and sat on the back of his thighs to stop him kicking out. "Pete you still owe me. Your little trick with the tax cost me every dime I had. I went to fucking prison. Would you like

me to show you what they do to pretty boys in prison? I was lucky, but I saw some real nasty sights in there little miss Parker. They would destroy your tasty little hole, hell they'd be lining up, taking it in turns." Peter felt nausea rising up in his chest at his ex's sleazy words.

He yanked Peter off the edge of the sofa on to his knees and he knelt behind him, restricting his legs. He sniggered as he reached round with his hand under Peter's shirt seeking out his nipple. "I missed your hard nips Pete. It's a shame you never had boobs to go with your pussy, we could have made a fortune."

Peter could feel tears forming in his eyes and he was trying desperately to make them stop. He didn't want to give his ex the satisfaction of seeing him cry. "We? That's a joke right? I never saw any money, yet I was the one being used." Peter felt so angry inside.

"Jeez I forgot what a whiney little bitch you are." His ex pinched his nipple hard and Peter gasped at the pain. "Ha ha there's plenty more where that came from."

Peter was panicking because he knew just in front of him under a cushion on the sofa was Wade's hand gun and he was worried his ex would find it. He felt his disgusting breath next to his ear and he forcefully slammed his head back cracking his ex's nose. The guy cursed as he held on to his face, his nose was bleeding and Peter saw his chance and pushed him back and scrambled to his feet.

He got half way across the room when his ex tackled him and punched him in the ribs. He landed on his back, crushing his arms as he fell. His ex was on top of him straddling his hips and laughing, blood pouring down his face. Peter was in agony as his tied hands dug into his back. He really wished Wade would come back. How was this going to end? His ex leered down at him as he started undoing his pants. "Let's see if you still have a tight little hole Miss Parker."

Peter started to cry. He couldn't stop him. He hated him so much.

Please Wade, come back, please. I need you.

Just as his ex shoved his hand inside peter's pants he heard an engine outside, it sounded as if it was coming up the road. Peter started yelling loudly, really shouting, he needed someone to hear him. He had no idea if it was Wade but he wasn't just going to give in to this rapist bastard.

"Hey shut the fuck up. Keep your goddamned mouth shut you little slut." His ex put his hands round Peter's throat and started squeezing. He couldn't breathe and he could see the manic grin on his ex's face as he tightened his grip. Peter started gasping for air and he felt dizzy. He looked up at his ex and saw something move behind him, a large man in a black and red suit making a 'Shhh' sign with his gloved finger to his mouth. Just as Peter was losing consciousness he heard a thud and his ex fell sideways on to the floor.

"Another one bites the dust! Hey! What the shit? Was this motherfucking creep touching you? Ohhhh he's in trouble now! You don't get to touch the husband, he's off limits!" Deadpool shoved the ex off Peter with his boot. He turned Peter over and cut off the cable ties with his knife. As he turned him back over he leant in and whispered to him. "Hey Peter-Pie I'm Deadpool. I've heard all about you! I'm here to save you." He planted a kiss on Peter's forehead and pulled him to his feet. Peter felt himself blush deeply as he buttoned up his pants. "Th..thanks...I think. I don't know who you are but I'm so grateful you're here. Did Wade send you? Where is he?"

"yeah you could say he sent me, we're sort of a team. Anyhoooo I've got a sexy date with this rancid piece of shit." He lifted the ex over his shoulder and started walking towards the door. "Wait erm mr Pool I could come with you, I don't want to stay here alone." What Peter really

meant was that he wanted to make sure nobody got killed, because as much as he hated his ex he didn't want him dead. Peter just wasn't capable of having that on his conscience.

"Sorry sweetums no can do, much as I'd love you to attend our little party old grumpy boots Wade wants you to stay indoors. Don't worry, I won't be long and I'm sure Wade will be back soon." Deadpool headed off down the stairs. Peter shouted after him. "Mr Pool? Are you going to kill him?" The Merc stood for a moment and then looked back at Peter. "Do you want me to? It's your show Peter, tell me what you want and I'll make it happen." Peter shook his head. "I don't want you to kill him, just scare him for me....please." Deadpool blew Peter a kiss. "Your wish is my command Sweet Prince." Once again Peter felt his cheeks burning.

What the hell is wrong with you?

Deadpool carried the ex into the garage and knew exactly what he wanted to scare this guy with. He walked straight over to the big chest that Wade normally kept his Merc attire hidden in and opened it up. It was the size of a medium coffin. Wade started stripping the ex's clothes off and once he was naked he tied his hands and feet and laid him in the chest. Just as he was admiring his handy work the guy woke up. He took one look at Deadpool and started screaming. "Holy fuck knuckles why are bad guys so NOISY?"

Peter heard the scream and he gulped. He was regretting telling Deadpool he wanted him to scare his ex. He got the impression they may not have the same ideas about what constituted something being 'scary'. Peter realised this must be the guy Janey said he didn't want to meet, but then who was he? He sounded similar to Wade but he just referred to him, so he must know him. They must be old friends.

Back in the garage the ex was pleading with Deadpool not to lock him in the chest. "Please no man I have the fear, I can't be in confined spaces man. I seriously can't be in here. I'm begging you." The guy was in tears and Deadpool took great delight in shoving a dirty rag in his mouth and giving him a little wave as he closed the lid. He laughed to himself as he heard the muffled cries. He hauled the chest out to Wade's truck and slung it in the back. Then he drove away.

Peter watched him go and wondered where he was taking his ex. He hoped Wade would be back soon. He hated being apart from him. He also got a weird vibe off Deadpool, like an electric charge, strangely arousing. Maybe it was the suit, it did look pretty impressive and whoever he was, he was well built. Peter felt slightly guilty for allowing his thoughts to roam like that. He was in love with Wade, but there was something so familiar about the other guy. His voice was like Wade's, but more teasing and confident, not that Wade was by any means an introvert.

About twenty minutes up the road Deadpool pulled into a clearing in a patch of woodland. There was an old abandoned cabin, it had stood empty for a good while now and sometimes Wade would go out there and sit with a fire and shelter in the cabin for the night. He had done it more when the voices used to taunt him but as he settled in the friendly town the voices became less and since meeting Peter they had pretty much disappeared. All except Deadpool.

The Merc lifted the chest into the cabin and using a small torch he lit up his mask as he opened the lid. "Hey there little buddy how are ya doin', I'm gonna go and get a spade and start digging a hole, just big enough for this lovely vessel to fit into. "The guy tried to scream again but the rag muffled the sounds." Deadpool patted him on his head. "Oh dear you're all upset. Well let me tell you how it will be. Did you ever see that Ryan Reynold's movie called 'Buried'? Well...spoiler alert! You won't be getting out alive!" Just as he's about to close the lid he remembers he wants to take Peter a little memento, so he takes out his knife and cuts off one of the ex's pinkies. "Sweet dreams now." And then darker. "See you in hell you rapist motherfucker."

Deadpool closed the cabin up and left him there to sweat. He would go back in the morning and tease him some more. He had hoped to be able to unalive him in a creative way, but Peter had asked him not to and it was up to him.

Ah Peter...so pretty.

He's like cherry pie and ice cream, all sweet and sticky.

He makes my dick feel funny.

Deadpool was still far too wired and frustrated at having to restrain himself. He needed to let off some steam and he knew exactly how and with who. He had to get the truck back anyway and he thought he would just check in on Peter and see how he was feeling.

Yeah, I'm gonna feel him right up.

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Back at Wade's place Peter was nervously waiting for him to return. The more he thought about it the better it would be if Deadpool didn't come back. Peter had a feeling he was the kind of guy who could seduce you with one look and you'd not realise it until after he'd had his wicked way with you, multiple times.

Why does that thought turn me on?

He heard the truck pull up outside and he saw Deadpool jump out. He waved up at him as he strolled across to the stairs.

Okay Peter you've got about ten seconds before he ...oh too late!

Deadpool leaned against the doorframe and watched Peter. "So naughty old Wade has been keeping you all to himself, although I can see why. You are one sweet peach." He casually stepped inside, but stopped in his tracks as Peter pointed the hand gun at him. "What the fuck? What did I do?"

"I'm not a peach. I don't belong to Wade, I don't belong to anybody but myself. Don't think that because you saved me I now owe you some kind of favour. I don't owe you shit. I'm grateful for your help, but there's not going to be any kind of physical reward. I'm not a goddamned toy!" Peter was shaking.

"Wow calm down there John Wick, nobody is shooting anybody!

Deadpool walked towards Peter slowly. "You're not going to shoot me." He reached out and took the gun, emptying the ammo into his hand. Peter gulped as he moved closer. "Peter-pie what am I going to do with you? Let's start again shall we? My name's Deadpool and I'm a mercenary, I like mexican food and Bea Arthur and sometimes I like to wear frilly things."

Peter stepped back, but Deadpool kept moving forward.

Shit why is he so big...and impressive....and.....oh god this is not good.

"It's weird that Wade has never mentioned you." Peter tried to back up some more, but he found himself up against the wall with Deadpool's large frame standing right in front of him. "No, he likes to keep me locked away, says I'm a bad boy. What do you think Peterlicious am I bad?" Peter shook his head. "No, well, I don't know. Are you?"
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Deadpool leant in close to Peter pushing his body against the younger man, making him catch his breath. "Baby Boy, for you I could be very bad. I could make you come so hard your dick would be shooting pure moonbeams. Although, I understand you have other more secret treasure. How would you like me to uncover that shiny pearl?" Peter felt a deep jolt in his groin. He was all confused. This guy sounded exactly like Wade, except somehow he was hotter. "Where is Wade? Please tell me."

Deadpool leant over him, grinding his hips into Peter's, pushing him right up against the wall. "He's right here sweet stuff. He's inside me for a change. Now how about I get to be the one who makes you purr?" Peter bit his lip as he realised the truth.

Oh my god, it's him, he's in the suit.

Chapter End Notes

Oh Peter you're about to get ruined.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

> Peter becomes fully acquainted with Deadpool, much to Wade's horror, and an old adversary gets a fitting farewell.

Chapter Notes

> Okay so this chapter is pure unflinching smut with some humor and a dash of sweet fluff and then a bit more smut.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Peter's realisation that Deadpool was in fact Wade, but that he was in some way completely in character dressed in the mask and suit blew his mind. It was all too much.

Peter felt his body go limp and Deadpool caught him in his arms. He lifted him up and carried him towards the bedroom. "Oh Peter Pumpkin I'm carrying you over the threshold, it's like we're just married!" He carefully placed him on the bed and crept over him on all fours, sniffing at his body. "Mmm something smells really good. I think it's time I explored Planet Peter, what do you say Sweet Stuff?" Peter just nodded and let out the tiniest of whimpers at the thought of the big Merc taking charge.

Deadpool wasted no time undressing Peter and with every inch of skin he uncovered he cooed in appreciation. "Oh so smooth, so sexy, Peter sweetums you're making my dick cry crystal tears right now." He took off Peter's jeans and socks leaving him in just his boxer shorts. Deadpool ran his gloved hands all over the younger man's body, massaging his flesh and caressing him while he spoke in soft growly tones. "I want to take off your underwear and spread open those soft peachy thighs and kiss you right on that sweet sticky patch of pleasure. Would you like that Baby Boy?"

Peter couldn't quite believe it as he answered in a breathy moan. "Oh god yes please, just do it all, please, I need it so bad." He tried to reach up and hold The Merc but he pushed his hands down on the bed. "No, just lie back and let me take care of everything. I'm definitely going to take it really slowly."

Deadpool lowered the boxer shorts and flung them on the floor. Then he smoothed his hands up Peter's legs and parted them wide so that he had a good view. He let out a sigh of delight and Peter blushed, but he didn't feel anywhere near as shy as he did with Wade. In fact he thought it was easier with Deadpool because he was wearing a mask and Peter couldn't see his eyes. He didn't feel so exposed.

"I would like to take this opportunity to thank Mother Nature for blessing me with this beautiful sight and now Peter Pie I'm going to dine out in a nice place I like to call 'The Candy Store'." Peter didn't get chance to react as Deadpool lifted his mask just above his mouth, grinned lewdly and puckered his lips making kissing sounds.

The Merc moved his fingers up and spread Peter open as his lips connected with his swollen clit. Peter dug his fingers into the bed sheets and let out a loud cry as he felt Deadpool licking and sucking him so hard he thought he would come on the spot. Nobody had ever made him feel this good.

The Merc was lost in the younger man's wet musty scent and buried his tongue deep inside him, pushing it in and out and curling it round the soft folds of Peter's labia. He could feel Peter thrashing about as he yelled out for more. While he was licking him and spreading him open he reached up and started stroking Peter's erection. he could easily hold it all in his big hand but he loved it and he wanted to make him harder. He let his tongue slide up from the wet folds to the base of the taut cock and back again, trying to prolong the intensity of the double stimulation. It was bringing Peter closer to a climax by the second and he was slamming his fists down on the bed as he tried to thrust his hips upwards to get more of Deadpool's tongue inside him and push himself into the firm grip of his hand. Peter started shaking as he felt the strong tip of the tongue digging circles round his fleshy sweet spot and the speed of The Merc's hand increase as he rubbed his cock. The glove created a chafing feeling that made Peter whimper for more. His body flooded with a warm floaty sensation as he released a long drawn out yell and came so hard he thought he would pass out.

"Ohhhh Baby Boy you are so fucking beautiful. I have no idea when my actual birthday is, but from now on it's this date. You have the best secret treasure in the whole world sweet cheeks."

Deadpool crawled up over Peter and kissed him deeply, rolling his tongue all round his mouth. Then he pulled back and grinned. "I wanted you to taste yourself. Tell me what you taste like sugar buns." Peter lay breathless beneath him. "Salty and sweet. I never knew that's what I tasted like." The Merc laughed and sighed. "So delicious, my favourite combination."

Peter was in heaven, he could feel the gloved hands moving all over his body and he could see the large manhood sticking out in the suit. He wanted Deadpool to take him, but not how his awful ex had insisted he should have sex. No, he wanted to feel him from behind in his other entrance. He wanted to feel stretched and claimed. He had no idea if he could take such a large member but something told him Deadpool would make it fit. He figured if it was going to be his first time bottoming then he wanted it to be good.

But Deadpool decided to mix things up a little. Never one to take the predictable route he had decided he was in a submissive mood and having taken a shine to Peter's smooth slim cock he wanted to feel it inside himself. He thought it would slide in nicely and make him feel like a happy little unicorn. "So, Peter have you ever dipped your churro into something creamy and sweet?" Deadpool got on all fours and wiggled his ass up in the air. "I'm very ready and ohhhh so willing."

"Honestly, no I've never had that pleasure. I'd like to try, I mean it definitely turns me on, but I just hope I do it right and you know my dick isn't as big as yours, what if it doesn't feel as good?" Peter was biting his lip and feeling embarrassed that at twenty three he wasn't very experienced.

He didn't need to worry, because Deadpool was such a sexual animal he found pretty much everything a turn on and Peter's cock was currently top of the list. He just loved the way it looked and felt. All soft and smooth and it wasn't aggressive, it looked friendly. Deadpool could have quite happily stared at it all day.

And play with it...don't forget that bit.

"Peter pumpkin poodle you will be amazing. Your pretty penis will pound my pleasure point like a pumped up pickle." Deadpool smiled and Peter swore he could see the eyes of his mask turn into love hearts. He reached over and kissed him some more and whispered to him. "Okay you big sexy

man I'll dip my popsicle in your soft spot and make you beg for more." Peter half cringed at his own cheesy words, but it seemed to do the trick as Deadpool yanked the bottom half of his suit down and stuck his ass up ready to be taken.

The lube felt cold on Peter's member as he slicked it up ready to enter. He reached down and inserted a finger into Deadpool's entrance and moved it in and out slowly. Then he added another finger and he could feel his inner walls contracting with the rhythm of his stroke. When he added a third finger and more lube Deadpool started whining and grinding his hips back. "You like that? What do you want? Tell me."

The big Merc howled out loud. "I want you to fuck me in my pink puckered pleasure portal, take me Peter, take me as hard as you can." Peter tried not to laugh at the string of corny words coming from the big man, but he couldn't help it. He was funny and Peter loved it. He pulled his fingers out and lined up his erection and slowly started moving the tip inside. It went in easily and as he started to glide in he could feel the pinching sensation on his cock. He loved the friction and watching his own smooth skin against the scarred exterior of Deadpool's ass, it looked sexy as hell.

Peter could never have imagined that his first time topping someone would be a mercenary in a ~~super~~ anti hero suit who was actually his boyfriend, but in disguise as an alter-ego who was also possibly a mutant. Life was certainly never dull these days.

He picked up his pace and thrust himself in as deep as he could go, slamming into Deadpool as he grasped his hips. The Merc was groaning and begging Peter to keep going and when he reached round and took hold of the large scarred member the precum gushed all over his hand, sending the bigger man into spasms of ecstasy. "Ahhh I'm gonna come so hard. Oh it feels so fucking amazing, your cock is so smooth and sexy, it feels so....so...niiiiice ahhhh." Deadpool and Peter came at the same time, both panting and gasping at the ferocity of their mutual orgasm. Peter had never felt anything so mind numbingly satisfying and he pinched himself just to make sure it was real. Deadpool had come like a fire hydrant, spraying cum all over the bed and his suit. He had a huge stupid grin and he miaowed when Peter withdrew, leaving him feeling too empty. "Did you just actually make a sound like a cat?" Peter was giggling at the absurdity of sex with this strange but cute guy.

Seriously what is my life? I thought I was the weird one.

Peter wiped them both clean with a towel and they lay side by side. He wondered if the mask was going to come completely off or was he going to keep it half up so he could only see his mouth. It seemed to be a comfort to them both to indulge in sex together while Wade was covered up as his alter ago. For all his extrovert behaviour and perceived sexual confidence Deadpool still got anxious about his skin and the reactions it could evoke. To be within the safe confinement of his suit gave him a feeling of freedom and sexually it meant he could completely let go. Similarly for Peter, having suffered the humiliation of being exploited like a piece of meat he felt self conscious and afraid of showing himself to Wade, but with the mask it was a lot less confrontational and he could relax. He knew it was Wade on the inside, but he didn't feel watched. He didn't feel like he was on display.

It took less than a minute for Deadpool to get hard again and Peter couldn't believe it, he stared wide eyed at the prominent member as it stood to attention. He still had his suit pants lowered and he was rubbing it against Peter's leg. "What do you say we try some more positions in the sex Olympics? Now you've had you first top experience I'm wondering if you've been on the bottom? I know you had sex in your beautiful treasure trove, but this is your sexy back door I want to open up and enter." Peter loved the way Deadpool spoke to him, all these descriptions and nicknames made him laugh, but they were also weirdly hot.

"I would like nothing more than to be taken by you, but I'm a bit nervous that it's going to hurt. I mean you're big. What if I can't take it?" Peter had worry lines on his forehead as he thought about what was to come. Deadpool reassured him in his own way. "Peterlicious fear not for I will make it fit. I will slick you up and slide it in and you will be all slippery and smooth." He drifted off into his own thoughts with a dreamy little smirk. "Pool listen to me, I need you to be gentle with me ok." Peter knew it would be alright, but he still felt nervous. "Don't worry Baby Boy I will make you feel like a million bucks, I promise."

Peter was lying on his front as Deadpool sat between his legs and kneaded his ass cheeks. He could feel his gloves but he wanted to feel his hands. "Can you take you gloves off please. I want to feel your skin on mine." Without hesitation the gloves were thrown across the room and the kneading continued. The Merc lifted up Peter's hips and kissed all round his fleshy rear and gently caressed his entrance with his wet tongue. He dipped down a bit lower and slipped his tongue inside Peter's vaginal opening and scooped some of his juices up to his other entrance, making it all slick and sticky. Peter was groaning like crazy as Deadpool used a combination of lube, saliva and his own wetness to loosen him up, making him whine and cry out for more every time he added another finger. It felt a little weird, Peter had tried it himself a few times, but nothing as proficient as Deadpool's technique. By the third finger Peter was gasping and crying but he wasn't in pain, it was pure raw emotion. The Merc was rubbing his large erection against the soft skin of Peter's labia, only just stopping himself from slipping it into him. He teased the tip inside just for his own quick pleasure and Peter shouted out. "No, not in there, please...I don't want you to fuck me like that." Deadpool removed his fingers from Peter's ass and gently pushed his cock inside, slowly easing himself in, allowing time for every inch to slide up inside him. He could hear the younger man's breathing quick and short, trying to stay calm as Deadpool sank himself further in.

That's it Baby Boy you can take me.

Peter was wrecked, his whole body was shaking and he couldn't stop crying. He craved this feeling so much and now he had it he felt so overwhelmed. It was all too intense, but he definitely didn't want it to stop. He felt Deadpool bottom out inside him and the stretch had a burning feeling, but it wasn't uncomfortable and he was being so gentle and slow it was incredible. Two large hands lifted him into an upright position so he was kneeling while still feeling the large cock inside him. Peter hooked his arms round The Merc's neck and he felt him slowly move backwards and forwards, spreading Peter's thighs so he could get a good angle. He reached round with his hands and with one he stroked Peter's erection and with the other he started fingering him, plunging his fingers deep inside the warm wet opening.

The younger man was now in a state of complete euphoria. He had lost the ability to speak and the only sounds he could produce were high-pitched and animalistic. As time went on Deadpool picked up the pace and started forcefully pounding into Peter and his fingers couldn't get enough of the slick soft skin between Peter's legs. He rubbed his clit roughly and worked his cock at the same time. All the while Peter's needy whimpering and the slick wet sounds coming from the constant motion were encouraging The Merc to give him more pleasure. He wanted to make him come like nothing he had ever experienced before.

While keeping himself inside him Deadpool moved Peter on to the bed on his side and lifted one of his legs up and round so he could face him. He was now lying on his back with his thighs pushed up to his chest. Deadpool was looking down at him, everything was gloriously on display and it looked so hot. He could see how shiny and wet he looked and he rubbed his thumb into his labia moving the slippery juices all around as he inserted his fingers slow and deep. He kept up the stroking of his member and continued to fuck him senseless.

They seemed to go on forever, Peter had come four or five times already and Deadpool just kept

going, his healing factor keeping him hard and eager. Peter felt sore between his legs from The Merc's constant rubbing and fingering and his cock felt numb from all the jerking off. He couldn't go on any longer and as he felt the by now familiar jolt of Deadpool's hips he pleaded with him to stop. "Please, no more, I can't go on. I'm so sore and it's hurting me."

Peter had tears in his eyes and he let out a sigh of relief as he felt Deadpool leave his body, but then he felt him move between his legs, kissing and licking him. "Peter I can't help it, all I want is to taste you and touch you. I'll be more gentle I promise, please don't make me stop." Peter just couldn't handle any more stimulation. "I really need to stop, I'm sorry, it just hurts too much I can't take any more, please." Peter started crying and Deadpool moved up to hold him. The last thing he wanted was to make this gorgeous man unhappy.

He lay on his back in the bed while Deadpool lay beside him, stroking his face and hair and whispered sweet words at him. "Beautiful Peter I'm sorry if I hurt you. Your body is like a drug. I am completely addicted, but this would probably be the only time I would get to spend with you so I wanted to make it special. Soon Wade will be back and he loves you Peter. He is crazy about you. Me? I'm just plain crazy, but you, oh my god, you are like a dream. Now Wade has you he won't need me anymore....that is unless you want to see me and then I'll come out and play with my sweet pure Peter." He kissed him softly and Peter whispered back. "I'll always want to see you, I won't let him lock you away. Thank you for making me feel desired in a good way, giving me pleasure. Nobody ever made me feel that amazing before." They kissed some more and Peter pulled off the mask so he could see Wade's face. He smiled softly at him and then he closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

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As Peter lay sleeping Deadpool put his mask and gloves back on, grabbed his weapons and quietly headed out into the night. He knew he didn't have long before it would start getting light, but he had a creep to dispose of.

When he got back to the cabin he opened the chest and could see the ex was unconscious. He checked for a pulse and luckily he was still living. Deadpool really wanted to just unalive him. He still had his pinkie in one of his pouches. After seeing how highly strung Peter was when he had returned he had decided not to show him the amputated digit.

That would have been the worst foreplay ever.

He had a dilemma. Peter didn't want his ex to be killed and he was pretty sure Wade would hand him over to the police, but Deadpool knew scum like this guy always floated back to the surface and he just needed him to disappear. He wanted to teach him a lesson. He was a piece of shit rapist and he didn't deserve a free ride. Deadpool thought about the the idea of him 'floating to the surface' and an idea popped in his head. He closed the chest again and made a few phone calls. Then he loaded it on to the truck and sped off towards the city. Destination : The Docks.

As he arrived at the docks he saw an old friend who owed him a favour. He was a freight skipper who spent the majority of his life sailing the ocean to and fro between the US and Eastern countries importing and exporting all manner of goods. He was well known for hiring life's more challenging characters, all with a criminal past of some kind. He didn't ask questions as long as they got the the job done. Life at sea was a lonely business and there was little entertainment on board.

Wade opened the chest and presented the naked man. "Is he alive? He looks pretty fucked to be honest." The friend wasn't too keen. "No he'll be fine, feed him and water him and dress him up nice and pretty. Give the boys a little light relief, make him dance for his dinner. I've heard he likes
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it hard. He'll soon fall in line, he needs a daddy." The skipper laughed with a low guttural rasp. "Oh yeah I might keep him for myself."

Deadpool drove back up state feeling pretty pleased with himself. He had thrown the pinkie into the sea before he left the docks, no need to alarm Peter, not if he was ever going to get the chance to spend time alone with him again.

Holy crap it makes my balls tingle just thinking about him.

The Merc knew he had pushed Peter just that bit too far, but even then he had responded so sweetly and made him feel wanted. He knew if Wade would let him be a part of their lives he would forever protect Peter. Deadpool didn't really understand love, but he felt sure this was as close as he was going to get.

Back at Wade's place he snuck back in and crept on to the bed. He lifted his mask and inhaled Peter's scent as he nuzzled his neck. He placed soft kisses all over his body, from his shoulders right down to his ankles. As he gently moved back up he ripped off his glove and let his fingers search their way between Peter's legs into the soaking wet warmth. He took Peter's soft flaccid member and put it in his mouth, just gently feeling it's smooth texture with his tongue. He felt it become harder and heard Peter sigh as he started sucking it. Peter moaned and grabbed hold of the back of the mask. pushing himself deeper inside the Merc's mouth. "Oh god it's sore as hell, but it feels really good, your mouth is so warm and your fingers are driving me crazy, please don't stop." Deadpool had no intention of stopping, not ever.

You're my sweet Peter now.

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It was mid morning when Wade woke up with a start. he looked down at his body and saw he was still wearing his Deadpool suit, but his pants were half way down his thighs and he had a massive erection. His mask was beside him on the pillow and there on the other pillow lay Peter looking completely exhausted.

Oh god Pool what did you do? Or rather what did we do?

And why does my cock think it's in a porn film?

I told you to stay away from him.

Wade I finally found someone who is more irresistible than I am and his name is Peter. I'm sorry but he's my boyfriend now.

Oh jeez.

Wade felt Peter move beside him. He was making little noises and then to Wade's horror he said it. "Hmmmm Pool? Where are you? I need you. I'm so sore but I still want you inside me. Make me feel good.... please."

Oh boy, he's calling out for him. That's fucked up.

I told you Wade, he lurrrrrves me ha ha ha.

Wade felt terrible. He could hardly remember anything. When Deadpool took over his mind it really was like he became another person. Some would call it split personality disorder, but for Wade it was just the way things had been since he mutated. It had affected his brain. He used to
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have more voices but then when he created Deadpool they all seemed to morph into one.

He got out of bed and slipped his suit off. He stood there naked and he noticed Peter watching him. "Hey Sleepy Head how are you?" Peter murmured softly. "I'm sore. I don't think I can walk, but I need to pee. Otherwise I feel pretty amazing." He crept to the edge of the bed and tried to stand up. "Ouch, ow, Oh my god, but as Deadpool would say 'Worth it!' yeah it definitely is." Wade watched Peter hobble to the bathroom. He hadn't actually seen Peter fully naked before and it took his breath away, but he could see a multitude of bruises on his body and scratches on his back.

Okay, firstly what the hell did you do to him?

Secondly he's quoting fucking Deadpool expressions now!

Wade I told you, he made me his sex slave. He made me do things that frankly should be illegal. I feel dirty. I need a hug.

Pool, I feel cheated, why didn't he make me his sex slave?

Wade seriously doubted his sanity as he was feeling jealous of his alter ego when it had been himself who apparently had amazing sex with Peter. He heard water running in the bathroom and Peter came back through, his face wincing with every movement. He sat on the bed and yelped out loud. "Oh shit that hurts. I hope you're happy Mr Master of Sex?"

Wade only wished he was. "I'm sorry Peter you're asking the wrong guy. I don't know anything about what you and Deadpool did. That's just the way my brain works where he is concerned. It's a mutation from when I was tortured in a fucked up testing facility. They cured my terminal cancer but they left me looking like this and messed up my brain. I have a healing factor. That's why nothing can really hurt me. It also means when I have sex I can get hard over and over." Wade saw the look of confusion on Peter's face.

"Wait? What? You had cancer? Oh my god Wade that's terrible. I'm so sorry you went through all that, but if I'm being honest I'm sort of glad you did or we would never have met." He thought about the Deadpool situation and a sneaky grin formed on his face. "Wade, so you are telling me I am basically dating two different guys in the same body? That's pretty hot. Although, I feel sad that you gave me all these first time experiences but you weren't actually there to enjoy them as yourself." Wade looked forlorn. Peter couldn't stand to see him look so disappointed. "Hey sweetheart I'm just filling the tub, want to join me for a bath?"

Wade lowered himself into the tub and felt comforted by the warmth and soothing scent of the bath bubbles Peter had added. He watched the younger man as he climbed in the bath and straddled him. "Oh..the water...that feels great." Peter sighed and cupping Wade's face he leant in and lovingly kissed him. Wade felt himself getting harder and looked at Peter's smiling face. "Oh hello, happy to see me are we? You know, I didn't let Deadpool take me in every way. I kept one spot specially for you. In the past I didn't enjoy it like that, but that was because it was forced and I had no choice." Wade looked worried, he didn't want Peter to do anything that made him uncomfortable. "Peter sweetheart we don't have to do anything. I'm happy just sitting here watching you, pinching myself as to how fucking lucky I am."

It was that answer that convinced Peter even more that he wanted to feel Wade inside him. He started moving himself along his scarred erection, feeling Wade's member rubbing against his tender flesh, he knew it was still sore but the heat of the water numbed the pain and made him feel floaty. His need was like a deep seated yearning, just seeing Wade's body beneath him made him crave him so strongly.

Wade pushed the bubbles aside so he could see everything through the glassy surface of the water. He was transfixed at how breathtaking Peter looked and the way he was rubbing himself against his firm length, his own erection moving fluidly in the water. Wade was biting his lip trying not to come prematurely. He placed his hands on Peter's hips and moved him slowly over his cock. He looked into his eyes as he felt himself slide into the slick orifice. Peter started rolling his hips and humming. Wade felt phenomenal, like he was in a wonderful dream. He couldn't believe this was happening. He had never felt so connected to another person.

Peter gazed into Wade's eyes and kissed him with such vigour he almost forgot to breathe. He could feel his rigid member thrusting up inside him, his inner walls clenching and relaxing with each jolt. He let out a cry of pleasure as he felt Wade reach round and insert his fingers into his other entrance seeking his sweet spot.

Nothing had ever felt this good to Wade. He wanted to stimulate every inch of Peter, satisfy him, make him feel sexy and desirable. He felt so much love for him and the idea that unconsciously he had already given him so much pleasure with his body gave Wade a happy feeling of contentment. Overnight Peter had become so confident and at ease in his presence it only served to turn him on even more. The Merc could feel Peter going faster, slamming himself down on his cock, he curled his fingers round Peter's erection and slowly stroked it, mindful of him already being so sore. The sensitivity of his touch and the deep thrusting accompanied by Wade's fingers pressing into his prostate sent Peter over the edge. He let out an almighty wail as The Merc brought him to a climax. Wade continued to drive himself into his lover, his clenching walls squeezing his eager member. He felt himself come so violently he shouted out and held Peter firmly locked down on his groin, bruising his hips.

"Oh baby I am sorry if I was too rough at the end there. I saw the bruises and scratches on you earlier and I felt so bad that I let Deadpool do that to you. I don't ever want to hurt you." Wade put his arms round Peter and held him against his chest.

"Wade you, or rather Deadpool, didn't give me those bruises. It was my ex, don't you remember at all? He was here, he attacked me and Deadpool saved me, he took him away in your truck. I told him I didn't want him to be killed despite what he did to me, but I have no idea what happened to him." Wade's eyes were wide as he racked his brain trying to focus. The last thing he remembered was suiting up just before he got to the city. "Shit. I have no idea. How long was he gone in my truck?"

Peter told him he'd seen him haul a chest into the truck and he was gone for less than an hour. Wade had a good idea he'd gone to the woods. He would have to go out there and check later. "If you told him not to kill him he won't have. Pool thinks you're the best thing on the planet, he called you his boyfriend."

Peter was confused but curious. "How? Do you speak to him? Is he in your head now?" Wade laughed and shook his head. "No it's usually when things are stressful. I feel too relaxed now. He doesn't come in my head when I'm happy." Peter smirked. "He said you wouldn't need him anymore now you had me, I guess he meant because you'd be happy. I told him I wouldn't let you lock him away and that he could come out and see me whenever he wanted to. I can't help it, I like him." Wade rolled his eyes and confessed that he could summon Deadpool if he put the suit on, but that he felt jealous he would be missing out on all the fun. Peter fluttered his eyelashes at him and whispered in his ear. "We could always set up a camera, then we could watch it together and create our own fun." Wade gasped.

Holy fucking shit one night with Deadpool and he's completely ruined.

Hey! I take offense. I can't help it if he thinks I'm a spicy tamale.

Pool how are you still here? Oh I get it, it's that stinking ex of Peter's, it's bothering me. What did you do to him? More importantly where is he?

Ahhhm well...let's just say he's gone on a long trip overseas....literally.

Huh?

I introduced him to some new friends on a nice cosy ship. They'll take good care of him. Yeah, he'll have so many boyfriends he won't know what to do with himself.

Oh shit.

Oh and by the way, I am so here for Peter's sex tape idea. I could wear my favourite dress. Please let me be a porn star Wade.

You're unforgiveable.

Pretty please with sugar on top?

Fuck off!

"Peter if you really want to have a relationship with myself and, *dare I even say it*, Deadpool then that's fine by me, but wouldn't it be weird filming things after what happened with your ex?" Wade was being sincere.

"Nope, because it would be my choice. I wouldn't be dressed up in some sleazy outfit, I'd be myself enjoying sex with the person I love." Peter shifted off Wade, who was already growing harder again. "Jesus do you have a permanent erection?" Wade grinned at Peter. "I do around you. Oh and for the record...I can't guarantee Pool won't be wearing some form of dress...he likes frilly things."

The rest of the day they indulged their desire, passionately making love and snuggling into each other's warmth after each session. "I love you Wade Wilson, thank you for making me so happy." Wade's eyes sparkled. "I love you too Peter, you are all I need in this world." Wade heard a voice in the back of his head.

This is all very cosy but we both know Peter loves me more!

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A couple of days later Peter and Wade were relaxing out the back of the bar when Wade received a notification on his phone from an unknown number. When he read the message his jaw fell open and he burst out laughing.

Attached to the text was a photo of Peter's ex looking wide-eyed dressed in a slutty waitress outfit with a gag in his mouth. All around him were members of the ship's crew, smiling and raising glasses to the camera.

Wade showed the photo to Peter who coldly announced. "Well, that's what he deserves. Thank you Deadpool." Wade shook his head and went off inside to print the photo off. He hung it behind the bar as a reminder of what happens to sleazebags if they don't behave.

When he came back outside Peter was observing him.

"Wade?"
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"Yes Baby Boy?"

"Is it okay to say that I love Deadpool too?"

Wade closed his eyes and sighed.

"I guess so, but you do realise he will be unbearable if you tell him that."

Wade could already hear the unmistakable voice in his head.

I told you Wade. He's my boyfriend now.

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When Peter finally got the insurance money through he and Wade decided they wanted to move on. They sold the garage and the bar and set up home further East, nearer the coast. Peter found a place to convert into a new bookshop and Wade took over a bar in need of rescuing. He set up a sideline in restoring vintage motorbikes as he no longer wanted to deal with what he referred to as "whiney-ass customers".

They continued their unconventional personal life with Wade indulging Peter's wishes to have a sexual relationship with both him and his alter-ego. Aside from 'accidentally' unaliving a pushy guy who showed Peter the wrong kind of attention Deadpool behaved himself. He occasionally showed up in the city to 'remind' people he was still around.

Peter reflected on their life together from time to time, realising how happy and lucky he felt to have found someone so devoted and open-minded as Wade. He still couldn't quite believe it was true. He had moments of sadness when he thought of his late Aunt and Uncle and he took comfort knowing that they would have loved to see him so content. He no longer thought about the bad memories, he had laid them to rest. He had learnt to forgive the events of the past.

And Wade? Well, every night he would look up at the sky and thank every single star for the beautiful man who walked into his life. He knew from the moment he held Peter during that thunderstorm he never wanted to let him go. He finally understood what true happiness was.

Chapter End Notes

I had to end this on a lovely sugary fluffy note because I only ever want them to be happy.
Thank you for reading xoxoxox
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BONUS CHAPTER!

Chapter Summary

BONUS CHAPTER
Peter's wild dreams are making Wade feel inadequate.

Chapter Notes

I still had some ideas about Peter and Wade's sexual relationship. This is pure undiluted smut people! Indulge at your leisure.
Thank you for reading and for all the lovely comments so far. They're like a big warm hug for my heart xoxoxox

Peter and Wade had settled in nicely in their new home. Business was good, the town appealed to them and all was going well, perfect even.

So why was Wade feeling so unsettled?

It had started two weeks before. They had been lying in bed when Peter had woken Wade up talking in his sleep. At first it sounded like mumbling and little moans that gave Wade the impression he was maybe having a bad dream. He snuggled up closer to him and gave him little kisses on his neck, but then Peter had started moaning louder and Wade definitely heard his name.

"Ahhh Wade, please, more...oh god....please don't stop." Peter grinded into the bed and started touching himself and Wade lay beside him with a big grin on his face. It made him feel nice to see his lover enjoying himself while thinking of them together.

The best part was when Peter woke up the following morning he seemed to be extremely horny and wanted to have sex, but as always he wanted them to stay under the covers. This wasn't a problem as such, except after 'accidentally' seeing the video Peter had made with Deadpool he knew his boyfriend was very different with his alter ego.

Peter had originally made the video so Wade wouldn't feel left out, but then when he'd watched it on his laptop he told Wade he hated it and couldn't watch it again and that he'd deleted it. However, Wade being the curious type had double checked and discovered that rather than delete it Peter had given the folder a different name and kept it. He had pressed play and for an hour and a half his eyes had quite literally popped out of his head at the sights on the screen.

He felt very happy that his body was giving Peter such intense pleasure, but he struggled with the fact that his mind was taken over by somebody else.

At first Peter had seemed at lot more at ease around Wade and he walked around naked and was very loving, but Wade noticed they always made love either in the bath or under the covers, like there was always something shielding Peter's genitals. It was all very passionate and satisfying, but Wade wanted to look at him. He wanted to take him in his mouth and pleasure him. So far Peter

hadn't let him go that far. It was mainly straightforward penetration and jerking off.

So, when Peter started dreaming about them together it made Wade hopeful that maybe things would be more adventurous in the future between them.

But then something changed.

Wade had told Peter he wanted to have a rest from becoming Deadpool for a few weeks, because of what happened with a pushy guy who had come on to Peter. Deadpool had impaled him on his katana, claiming he'd 'accidentally' fallen. Peter had told Wade that Deadpool had driven off with the guy in the car and never mentioned him again. Peter had agreed maybe it was better to keep The Merc under wraps for a while.

Wade had felt happier in himself.

Then Peter started dreaming about Deadpool. Except these dreams sounded much more intense, and even worse there was no morning sex afterwards. Wade cursed the day he had watched the video as he could picture in his mind what was happening and it killed him. Wade felt something he was deeply ashamed of because it was so illogical.

Wade was jealous.

Why won't my Peter let me touch him like that when it's me not HIM!

You know why Wadey baby. I am just better at sex than you are.

Fuck off Pool, get out of my head, why are you here?

I'm always here, you know that.

Did you see the porno we made? Oh Em Gee that was sooooo hot!

Yeah I saw it and yeah it's extremely hot, but I don't want to enjoy my boyfriend on a screen. I want to touch him and taste him.

Ohhhh Wade he tastes like god cried in my mouth.

Sweet Baby Hulks why is he torturing me?

Wade sat and sulked.

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Peter's libido had become insatiable since that first time with Deadpool. The greedy Merc had well and truly wrecked Peter and made him intensely desire the time they spent together. With Deadpool the sex was long, rough and dirty. Peter loved it.

In contrast the sex he had with Wade was gentle and passionate and Peter still felt shy about letting him get up close and personal with his body. He really wanted to let himself go, he trusted Wade and he wanted him, but he couldn't relax under his gaze.

Yet in his dreams they had mind blowing sex. Wade would take him in his mouth and make him come over and over and Peter couldn't get enough of it. He wished he could be more like he was in the dreams.

Since they had decided that Deadpool should be under wraps for a while Peter had started craving
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him in his dreams instead of Wade. He missed the firm grip of his hands on his thighs as he sank his tongue deep inside him, rolling him over on all fours to drive his large cock into his needy body. He loved all the different positions The Merc would bend him into and fuck him senseless. He felt empty without him.

As the days went by something shifted in Peter's mind and the longing he felt for Deadpool became entangled with his desire for Wade. This affected his dreams.

Peter dreamt that he was standing in the middle of the living room. Wade approached him and whispered in his ear. "I want you to take your clothes off." Peter slowly stripped off, all the while staring directly into Wade's eyes. When he got down to his underwear Wade stopped him and started kissing him roughly, biting and sucking at his lips as he moved his tongue round his mouth. Peter was grabbing at Wade's shirt trying to pull it off him and all the while he could feel his hands digging into his fleshy ass cheeks.

As Peter drew his head back allowing Wade to kiss his neck he sensed movement behind him and suddenly felt two gloved hands on his hips. His groin twitched like mad when he realised he was being sandwiched in between his two lovers.

Deadpool reached round, hooked his thumbs into the elastic of Peter's boxers and with one swift move tore them off him. His voice was low and seductive in his ear. "Ohhh bad Peter what are you doing? Such a needy greedy Baby Boy." He brought his gloved hand up to Peter's mouth and instructed him to take the glove off with his teeth. As soon as his hand was free he searched down between Peter's legs and started stroking the soft velvet skin of his labia, pinching his clit to make him welp. "You're always so wet for me, how deep do you want me inside you?" Peter moaned and curved his hips forward needing to feel the fingers rubbing him. "I need you so deep, I want you to take me so hard."

Wade was watching Peter intently as he cried out with pleasure at Deadpool's touch. He brought his hand forward and inserted two fingers inside him. "Oh my god you are soaking. How badly do you want us both Peter?" Wade started to kneel down, still working his fingers in and out, then he looked upwards and grinned at Deadpool. "Spread his wet pink pussy so I can taste him." Peter felt The Merc's fingers smooth him open and Wade's hot mouth latch directly on to his tender pulsing clit. He had no idea something could feel so good. Wade sucked him hard, digging his tongue into the sensitive flesh and softly biting him, all the while still plunging his fingers into him. Deadpool moved one of his hands up and started curving his fingers round Peter's tight erection, stroking it up and down, the precum was oozing out making it all smooth and slippery.

The feeling of all four hands abusing his body and Wade's mouth devouring him was too much. Peter could feel himself starting to come, it rose up from his core and before he knew it Deadpool was tugging at his cock so hard he came all over Wade's face as he licked him out. Wade smiled and lapped up the seed with his tongue, mixing it with Peter's own juices and the younger man felt himself come again, this time creating loud saturated noises as wade drew his fingers out and pushed them back in. "Baby Boy you are so wet I'm drowning down here."

"Ahh Wade I need you to take me...please." Peter was prepared to beg for the full feeling he so longed for. He didn't just want Wade to fill him he wanted Deadpool too. "Pool I need you deep inside me." He felt The Merc lower his suit and the unmistakable heavy slap of Deadpool's cock against his buttocks. He needed to be stretched by him, make it burn so good. Meanwhile Wade was pressing his equally thick member into Peter's labia holding his by now semi erect penis against his own, rubbing them together. He smiled at Peter as he lined up his cock and thrust it deep inside him. Peter cried out as he felt the scarred skin create friction against his inner walls, it was incredible.

"Ahh Peter so tight, so creamy, all for me." Wade drove into him as he heard the sound of a lube bottle being unclipped behind him and Deadpool worked a finger into his other entrance. Peter's breathing was sharp and fast as he felt Deadpool's fingers delving into him at the back, while Wade fucked him hard at the front. He was lost in complete bliss. He didn't think he could feel better than this, but then he felt The Merc inch his way inside him and he let out a high pitched yell.

Deadpool laughed darkly. "Oh yeah sugar buns you're gonna take both of us just like you wanted. This is your dream you make the rules."

Of course I know it's a dream...I'm Deadpool...I make all your dreams come true.

Peter was literally locked between his two lovers and all he could think was how lucky he felt at being satisfied by two amazing men at once. He felt so full and the sensation of being taken by the two big guys was driving him wild. Just as Peter thought he couldn't feel any more euphoric they both took it up a notch by using their hands to stimulate him even further. Deadpool slid his fingers over his swollen hard clit, rolling it between his thumb and forefinger and Wade stroked his erection, rubbing his thumb over the tip as precum dribbled out.

They both pushed themselves as deep as they could into Peter's yearning body, all the while rubbing and stroking him so he was a mess of fluids. He had no idea how much more he could take, nothing had ever made him feel this good before. He was crying and panting and as he felt both his holes being filled so hard he started to lose consciousness, the warm fuzzy feeling taking over his body. The last thing he remembered was holding on to Wade's shoulders and the feeling of Deadpool's broad chest against his back.

"Peter? Are you alright? You were yelling so loudly." Peter opened his eyes to see Wade's face looking concerned next to him. He had his arms round his neck and he had clearly been riding up against him. "Where's Pool?" He realised too late this wasn't his dream any more, he had woken up. "Oh I'm sorry I was in such an intense dream, I can hardly believe it."

"Peter you were calling out for Deadpool and me. Please tell me you weren't dreaming about us both at the same time?" Wade looked disturbed.

"Wade I'm so sorry, yes you were both there. I was sandwiched between the two of you, it was so hot, I was being taken and you were touching me. It's weird but sometimes I kind of wish you were two separate bodies." Peter blushed deeply.

"You were rubbing yourself against me and ...well...you were so turned on it was pretty much driving me insane because I just wanted to feel myself deep inside you." Wade needed Peter to want him, he felt inadequate. How could he compete with not just Peter's dreams about his alter ego but now he was imagining them as two separate men. Was this Peter's way of telling him he needed more? Another man in their bed with them? He was so confused and all he wanted to do was make his lover happy.

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"So you want me to wear a super hero suit? Okay whatever your kink is, I mean you're paying me so it's your choice." The voice on the phone sounded vaguely amused.

"Yeah but remember what I said, don't speak, don't say anything ok. I will be there too, I will lead things." Wade could hear a tremble in his own voice, nerves taking hold.

After enduring three more nights of Peter's incessant cries for both Wade and his alter-ego, and seeing how turned on he was every time, had brought Wade to the conclusion that Peter needed
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more than just him. He understood that he just couldn't fulfill his needs sexually. So in a moment of desperation Wade had gone online and found a male escort. He purposely chose a guy who had a similar build to him who could wear Deadpool's suit.

Wade hadn't told Peter about his plan. He wanted to surprise him. He didn't really like the idea of another guy touching his boyfriend, but he knew the guy was a professional and so there wasn't any emotional attachment and more importantly Peter wouldn't even see his face. He just wanted his lover to feel satisfied and Wade knew he was failing him.

I wish I was enough for him.

The plan was that the following night the escort would arrive before Peter got home from the bookshop. He would put on Deadpool's suit and hide in the bedroom until Wade gave him the signal to join them. All Wade wanted was to fulfill Peter's fantasy of being sandwiched between his lovers.

Aside from feeling a little guilty about his indulgent dreams Peter was blissfully unaware just how insecure Wade had become and as he got home the following evening he kicked off his shoes and called out for him. "Wade you home?"

Wade appeared wearing nothing but his boxer shorts and a cheeky grin. Peter could see he was aroused and raised his eyebrows. "Oh I see, so this my welcome home today? Come here big boy let me kiss you." Peter laughed as Wade moved in for a kiss, holding Peter's head firmly as he prized his mouth open with his tongue. They smooched for a while and Peter broke off to gasp for air. "Oh my god Wade I want to come home like this every day."

Wade started peeling Peter's t-shirt off and kissing him all along his chest. He curled his tongue round his nipple and sucked it, grazing the hard nub with his teeth. Peter moaned out loud and Wade reached up and squeezed his other nipple at the same time. "Oh my god, Wade that's so good." Peter wasn't used to him being so forceful, usually he let the younger man take control, but he loved this. Maybe this was what Peter needed to get over his shyness. He was certainly feeling different than usual.

I need him, just like in my dream, I want to feel his hands all over me.

Wade looked up and could see Peter was getting more aroused, so he decided to give the signal. "Peter I want to take you, just like Deadpool takes you." Peter was leaning into him, kissing his neck. "Okay my darling, I think I would like that too. I think it's time I let you take charge."

Oh? What? He's telling me this now?

Jeez Wadey baby you fucked up....when old 'pretty woman' puts his hands on Peter he's gonna kick your ass! Serves you right for faking me!

Pool shut up!

Wade felt completely helpless as he realised he'd made a big mistake and all he could do was watch the car crash unfold before him. The escort had emerged from the bedroom and approached Peter from behind, placing his gloved hands on Peter's hips. The younger man's eyes widened and he shoved Wade away as he spun round. "What the fuck?" Peter couldn't believe what he was seeing.

"Is this some kind of sick joke Wade? Who is this guy? More importantly why is he wearing Pool's suit?" Peter reached across and ripped the mask off, revealing a quite well chiseled face. "Hey erm

I'm sorry but I just got told to come here, put on the suit and join you guys. I don't know what the set up here is but as long as I get paid I don't really care." Wade was standing behind Peter frantically shaking his head as he didn't want him to know the guy was an escort.

Peter's face dropped. "The what now? Are you seriously telling me my boyfriend paid you to come here and fuck me?" Peter turned and glared at Wade, he'd never seen him look so angry. "Oh no no nooo I know EXACTLY what this shit is all about! Wade how could you? It was just a fucking dream! I can't even process this right now. I'm out of here!" Peter grabbed his t-shirt and shoes and marched out the door, slamming it hard behind him.

Wade's heart was in his mouth.

Why am I so stupid?

It was dark outside as Peter walked at a fast pace towards his shop. He didn't know where else to go and he just needed space to think. He was so angry with Wade. He couldn't believe he had brought some stranger into their home and expected Peter to have sex with him, especially knowing how difficult it had been for him to trust Wade in the first place. Peter felt dirty, like some piece of meat. It was a feeling he remembered all too well and he never expected Wade to ever make him feel like that. Tears were welling up inside him and he started running. He wanted to get away from Wade, he suddenly felt so ashamed and upset.

Wade was mortified. He sent the escort on his way. He had made such a huge mistake and all because of his stupid ego. How could he think he wasn't enough for Peter? His insecurity had ruined everything and he had broken his beautiful boyfriend's trust. He felt like such an asshole.

Peter, I need to go find him.

It had started raining as Wade ran across to Peter's store. He knew that's where he would be and he just needed to explain and apologise for his stupid mistake. By the time he got there he was soaking wet, his t-shirt clinging to his body. He could see a light on in the back of the shop and there was Peter sitting on one of the sofas, crying. Wade couldn't stand it, he pushed open the door and rushed in, dropping to his knees in front of Peter. "Baby Boy I am so sorry. Please forgive me I got it all so wrong. I kept hearing you calling out for Pool and me in your sleep and then you told me you wished we were two people and I totally messed up.....please I'm really so sorry."

Peter shook his head. "How could you bring a stranger into our home after everything I went through with my stinking ex? Did you actually consider how that would make me feel? I trusted you Wade, I allowed myself to let go sexually with you. Have you any idea how hard that was for me?" Peter cried big sobs into his hands. Wade tried to comfort him but Peter pushed him away.

"Peter...sweetheart....please. I am a total idiot. I thought I wasn't enough for you. I could see how turned on you were in those dreams and when you woke up you looked all glowy and happy and I find it hard enough to compete with Deadpool. I thought I wasn't satisfying you. I felt useless. I kept thinking about the video...oh ..I mean your dream...shit." Wade bit his lip.

I just keep fucking things up.

"You watched the video? Oh my god. I didn't want you to see it for that reason. I knew you would compare things. Wade, you need to know that you are enough for me, both as Deadpool and as yourself. The only reason I can let go when you wear the mask is because I can't see your eyes, but I never forget it's you underneath the suit. I love you, I only want you. Without you Pool doesn't even exist so how could you be jealous of him? He is you!" Peter pulled Wade towards him and kissed his head. "Yes my dream was amazing and my fantasy was you and Pool being two separate

people, but it was just a dream, not real. Seriously I'd never be able to sit down again if I was being taken by both of you every night. I mean....it's so hot, but oh my god it would be sore." Peter smiled at Wade and stroked his face.

Wade's heart was filled with relief. He couldn't bear the idea that he had upset the man he loved so much. "Peter you don't have to feel shy around me you know. You really can trust me I promise. I think you are so beautiful and all I kept thinking when I watched the video was how happy I felt that my body was giving you so much pleasure. I just wish you would let me do that to you as myself. I love you Peter you really are my whole world."

Peter edged towards Wade who was still kneeling in front of him. He spread his legs either side of The Merc's strong thighs and pulled him against his crotch. Wade instinctively reached round and grabbed Peter's ass, kneading the flesh as their lips met and they kissed each other intensely.

A crack of lightening followed by a loud bang of thunder broke the moment. The lightening was so bright it lit up the entire shop. Peter gazed out towards the window and felt goosebumps all over his skin. He noticed Wade's t-shirt was soaked and clinging to his body and he was reminded of that day when they had watched the storm and Wade had first held him. "Hey baby take your t-shirt off and get on the sofa, while I lock the door and turn off the light in the back." Peter leapt up and tended to things while Wade lay on the sofa.

When Peter came back over the lightening struck again and Wade saw his face as the room lit up. He looked seductive. Wade had never wanted him more. "Thunder and lightening seems to be our thing Baby Boy, how about we create a little storm of our own?" Peter climbed on top of Wade and stroked his abdomen. "Can you hear the rain? It's so sexy, just like you. I want you to be in control Wade. I need you to take what you want. I think it's the only way I'll ever get past feeling shy."

Wade lifted Peter off him and got up. "Take your clothes off Baby Boy, I need you completely naked. Then I want you to lie on your back on the sofa." Wade stood and watched him as he stripped off slowly. He enjoyed admiring his slender athletic body, the lithe muscles flexing as he moved. Every time the lightening struck his skin was lit up so alluringly. Wade loved his man so much, he wanted to taste him and lose himself in him. Peter glanced up at him as he lowered himself on to the sofa, spreading his legs slightly so as to let Wade know he wanted him.

Very gently Wade moved his hands up Peter's legs, taking his time, feeling the goosebumps all over his creamy skin. He trailed his fingers lightly along the inside of Peter's thighs and listened to his breathing and tiny whimpers every time he got a little bit closer to the warm spot between his legs. Wade ran his tongue along Peter's inner thighs and each time he could feel the heat and smell the musty scent as he got nearer. "Peter, Baby Boy you are so gorgeous, I can almost taste you. I'm gonna make you feel amazing. Just lie back and relax." The lightening struck again and Wade pushed his lover's legs open wider. He could see the glistening folds, coated with slick juices, ready for Wade to sink his tongue in. Above the inviting wet flesh was Peter's taut cock, the tip was shiny with precum and looked so desirable Wade couldn't wait to take it in his mouth.

Peter lay back focussing on the rain beating against the window of the dark shop and the soothing sound of the thunder. He could feel Wade slowly part his labia and run his thumbs along the soft slippery flesh. Wade's lips pouted around his clit and he felt the tip of his tongue tease it before he started sucking. Peter was in heaven, it was just like in his dream. Wade's mouth was hot and soft and driving him wild. The sucking was making him all swollen and sensitive and all the sensations he experienced with Deadpool were coming to the surface. Of course he could make him feel the same, they were one person. Peter had been so caught up in his shyness about Wade's gaze he had denied him the chance to satisfy him like his alter-ego did. He realised he actually found it totally hot that Wade could see all of him so closely.

Wade was delirious that finally he could explore his lover's body properly. He tasted sweet like the purest honey and the soft folds against Wade's scarred lips were so enticing. He moved his mouth up and started gently licking the base of Peter's cock, it was strained and needy, the head a deep pink colour. Wade ran his tongue all along the veins sticking out under the skin and Peter whined for more. "Wade please, suck it...oh god please." Wade complied and took Peter's full length in his mouth slowly, feeling Peter's hips pushing upwards to get himself further inside. He started sucking and at the same time his fingers found the wet opening just below. He pushed two fingers inside and started rhythmically moving them in time with his mouth around Peter's cock. He glanced up and could see his lover's face, eyes closed, lips half open, blush on his cheeks. He was breathtaking.

For all the unbridled pleasure Peter had felt in his dreams and how liberated sex had been with Deadpool, all he really wanted was to feel connected to the man he loved so passionately. It was like a weight had been lifted off his shoulders. He could finally relax and allow his gorgeous lover to give him what he needed, while taking what Wade himself so desperately wanted. Peter could feel the heat rising inside himself, stirring his loins uncontrollably every time Wade sucked him. His fingers felt so good inside him, gentle but firm, feeling his way around Peter like he was a delicate object.

Wade knew exactly how to touch him, he wasn't like his alter-ego. Deadpool was rough and determined, Peter never got a chance to recover or react before he would be contorted into another position and the orgasms were relentless. The Merc just never knew when to stop. Peter loved it and in some weird way he needed it, to feel taken and used, but this was something else. Wade was making him feel desired, beautiful, loved and that was what Peter craved the most. He needed that reassurance that they belonged to each other. Wade was his and nobody else was going to spoil that. "I love you my darling, you make me feel so good. I have never wanted anybody like I want you, make me come Wade, make it last forever." Peter ran his hands over Wade's scalp, lightly pushing him down as he continued to lick and suck him with his warm mouth.

Wade's erection was straining in his pants as he kept up a steady pace of sucking and fingering Peter, all the while knowing he was getting closer to a climax. He wanted to be inside him, feel his walls tighten when he did finally come. He let go of Peter's cock, to moans of protest from the younger man. "No baby hang on this will feel so much better."

Wade grabbed hold of Peter and pulled him to the edge of the sofa where he was kneeling down. He turned him round on his knees so he could see his tight little ass and smacked it hard. Peter whined "Ouch...oh my god that's hot."

"Oh you like that?" Wade grinned and brought his hand down again in a swift slap, making sure his fingertips just caught Peter between his legs creating an after sting that made Peter cry out.

Wade's eyes sparkled as sank his hard member inside Peter and thrusted into him like his life depended on it, both hands hanging on to his hips. It was hot and wet and he could see his gleaming cock grinding in and out. Wade's head was completely wrecked. Peter was losing it big time, his chest heaving as he felt his orgasm starting to build. Wade reached round and tightened his hand round Peter's cock, jerking him off relentlessly. He kept driving into him, feeling how slick he was and as he felt Peter clench around him he let out a loud groan and came deep within his lover. Wade was panting and groaning as he felt his seed leave his body. At the same time Peter climaxed and his cum spilled out over the sofa.

For a few moments both men slumped forward, exhausted from all their exertion. Then Wade sat up and before he started getting fully hard again he slipped himself out of Peter, just lingering as he rubbed his semi erect tip over Peter's puffed up labia leaving a trail of cum. He smiled as he viewed

the sticky mess. "You look so fucking hot Baby Boy, I don't even know how to break away from you." He leant down and kissed the two blushed marks on Peter's buttocks where he had slapped him. "I'm sorry if I was a little too eager. I just couldn't resist it."

Peter looked down at the sofa and pulled a face. "I think I'll have to get this cleaned tomorrow, I don't want customers sitting here." He smiled and went to stand up, but Wade quickly pulled him down low on the ground laughing, because outside a man was looking through the window at the book display. He was one of the locals walking his dog now that the rain had cleared up. "Oh my god do you think he saw me?" Peter was giggling.

"Well if he did you'll now be known as 'The Naked Bookseller' and people will flock from far and wide to visit your shop, hoping to get a glimpse of that sexy little peach." Wade caught Peter up in his arms and kissed his face, holding him tight.

They lay there gazing into each other's eyes. Peter felt so in love with his beautiful scarred angel, he would give him everything he needed. Wade finally felt like things were as they should be between them, open and honest, but above all loving and understanding. He was completely overwhelmed by the all consuming feelings of love he felt for his dark haired prince. He had tears in his eyes and he caught his breath. Peter reached up and wiped his tears away. He kissed him softly whispering sweet words. "Wade Wilson I will love you forever, you are all I need in this world. For every tear you shed I will make you smile, just like you do for me. I want to take care of you, make you feel special. I will always want you and I will always need you. We belong together, we just fit."

Wade wrapped Peter up in his strong arms and held him close. "Baby Boy I really do love you so much, you really have made me the happiest person on the planet. Thank you for being so forgiving and understanding. I know I'm an idiot, but sweet pea I'm your idiot. Only you know how to handle me....and you are definitely the only one who knows how to handle you know who...I won't say his name, he might wake up."

Yeah you keep pretending Wadey Baby....we both know I'm still his favourite.

The two men lay together a while longer and when the night chill set in they got dressed and walked home holding hands. They fell into bed and made love some more, their bodies yearning to be connected. As the first faint sliver of dawn light tinted the sky they snuggled up safe and secure.

"Goodnight Baby Boy, I love you."

"Goodnight my beautiful scarred angel, I love you more."

Peter was right. They really did belong together. They really did just fit.

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